

Our
Second
Anniversary
Issue

ROLLING STONE

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THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: BOB DYLAN





The Coasters at the Rock 'n Roll Revival. See page 38.

ALLEN KLEIN: 'I CURED ALL THEIR PROBLEMS'

BY OUR STAFF

"Apple Corps has never been in better shape than it is now," according to Beatles business manager Allen Klein and John Lennon himself. This word came by phone from both Klein and Lennon in reaction to our story [ROLLING STONE, November 15, 1969] the state of Apple Corps., a story, Lennon says, which is six months out of date.

"Allen has spent the last seven months unravelling the last seven years of Beate finances," John said from London. "There was money flowing out of her like water. Allen stopped all that. Now we know the money has gone and where it will be coming from."

"I made them four million pounds (\$10,000,000.00)" Klein said, "without

doing anything. How can you argue with that? On the *Abbey Road* LP, they are making 100% more than before, and on their old product (on Capitol Records) they are making 1000% more."

About his new role in Apple, Klein feels "Why shouldn't I get 20%? That's what I charge. I'm as good at what I do as the Beatles are at what they do. I took a lot of bad press in England, and I let them shit all over me. Everyone was trying to get something. I am not going to let people take advantage of the Beatles anymore. If that makes me a bastard, fine. I gave up eight months for the Beatles. I really did want them, and I did. I'm proud as hell and I couldn't give a shit what anyone says."

Lennon, reflecting on the current state of things, says "We got Allen in because we needed someone to run it. What he

did was fire a few people and give them letters saying they weren't fired so that they could get jobs elsewhere. We found out we couldn't run it. Not one of us could run a company, that's the mistake we made."

"We wanted to be the Ford Foundation," Lennon said, "and we couldn't do it. We didn't know how to and didn't have the money. When I made the statement that Apple was broke and losing money, it was true. Everyone was taking a free fucking ride on us. The only way for us to help other people and do these things is to get as much money as possible and then give it away. But we were giving away before we had it. Now it's just about organized. The first thing we have to do is watch after our own records, and anything else will come after that."

What went wrong with Apple?

According to Klein: "They were totally locked up and losing money, spending far more than they were making. Their money all went into Apple, but Apple wasn't really theirs. We had the books audited, and Apple lost one million dollars in its first year, if you exclude Beate earnings. I closed down Apple Electronics, because it was doing nothing. Apple Publishing had four employees, but no one was doing anything."

"They set up companies, but there were no rights properly given to any of these companies. Peter Asher never even signed James Taylor to Apple publishing, and even so, we are under threat of suit from CBS, which claims that it

—Continued on Page 6

HEAVY!



SMOOTH AS RAW SILK ABCS-694



B. B. KING LIVE AND WELL BLS-6031



THE JAMES GANG YER' ALBUM BLS-6034



PHAROAH SANDERS KARMA A-9181





ALFA PHOTOJOURNALISTS CO-OP WALT ODETS

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Tom Miller's article on the Sky River Rock Festival was excellent. One correction though in the last paragraph. The whole thing should have been dropped cause it ain't true. According to a book by the Washington State Historical Society "Tenino was not named after 1090, the number of a railway survey station. It is coined from an Indian term meaning fork, or crotch." Those Indian seers weren't no dummies.

WILLIAM P. DWYER
OLYMPIA, WASH.

SIRS:

Mr. Kim Fowley (ROLLING STONE No. 42, September 20) won't be able to drop my name with any visible success as he has with so many others, but I've lived in good old uptight Hollywood through many changing seasons, and I'm quite familiar with Mr. Fowley's mind-battle tactics.

He makes his presence known at all L.A. music functions, major and minor, playing militant MC, whether invited or not, and has a magical way of appearing in any and all photographs, invited or not. Mr. Fowley "cruising" Sunset Boulevard of an evening is cause for crossing to the other side of the street.

He claims to have screwed 7000 chicks in his career. What career? As a low-grade musician or as a poor man's Casanova? He and his hype-nourished group are just another reason for the baleful opinion shared by the rest of California for Hollywood and its residents.

There are so many good musicians and musical trips to get into; you haven't even scratched the surface. Please don't freak me by using coverage on idiots like Fowley for filler anymore.

WENDI WARK
HOLLYWOOD

SIRS:

I'd like to say how great ROLLING STONE is here. I used to live in New York, but by circumstances and survival I am living in Kabul, Afghanistan. Sometimes I get bored as shit and I'd croak

if I didn't get your paper.

Hash is totally legal here. It's available anywhere—my neighborhood baker puffs on his hookah all day. Hookahs are 20 to 200 Afs. (27c to \$2.65), hash costs 200 to 1000 Afs. a pound (up to \$13.50). Groovy afghan fur coats are only \$15.

About one eighth of one percent of the people know English, and people are very hospitable. You have to adapt to the food, which is good when clean. If you don't have shots you can catch amoebic dysentery, cholera, typhoid fever, tetanus and probably hepatitis, from just about anything.

There is a small colony of British, German and American freaks here, stone rock fans. It is advisable to learn a little Farsi before you come. Don't go to Kandahar, Mazar-i-Sharif or Herat, they are very conservative, and don't get involved with Afghani girls—an Afghani couple recently got six years in prison for eloping half a year before they got married.

THOMAS RICKS
KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

SIRS:

Visited Washington DC before returning home to the coast. I got a city map and decided to walk the monument route.

I observed that the White House is appropriately located between the Treasury Department and the Old State Department.

Did a joint on the steps of the Lincoln Monument, thanking Abe for whatever he did.

Walked over to the Washington Monument and the signs told me the elevator costs ten cents. If you want to walk up, you can wait in line outside.

Nothing happened in the Capitol Building except for being approached in a men's room by a thirtyish-looking bureaucrat.

Up behind the White House was a good touch-football game, between the White House and the Peace Corps staffs. Next day the Washington Post reported, "The Peace Corps rag-tags narrowly defeated the White House clean-cuts 24-18

... in what observers believe is an effort to improve communications between government branches." I guess they were referring to the last seconds of play when most players on the field were either restraining or being restrained. When the game ended the White House coach yelled to his team, "no fights."

The game at Bethel, a few weeks ago, was more enjoyable. Perhaps I was higher.

JIM GAGNON
NEW YORK

SIRS:

Wanted: One underground radio station for Lansing, Michigan, area. Three stations in town have abandoned us freaks. Will donate our bedroom to broadcast from. Down with Ohio Express.

STEVE SMITH & BOB FITZKE
LANSING, MICHIGAN

SIRS:

The Jefferson Airplane album on the Large World label, mentioned in Random Notes a few months ago, is only one of thousands available in Formosa. It is not a Japanese production, as you said, but a bootleg Formosan product. Depending on what record store you go to, these albums are available for 25c to 30c apiece. It's true. About the only thing I gained from my Navy experience was a record library.

The LPs are packaged in extremely thin cardboard jackets, and supposedly the records themselves will not last as long as the real thing, but time will tell me that. Sometimes the records are pressed on different colored plastic as well as black. Whatever happens to be available at the time, I guess.

Sometimes an album is a direct copy of the original, even to the cover art. Other times they are changed beyond recognition. I'm thinking of *Hey Jade*, a Beatles album which contains the "title tune," followed by "Bad Boy," "Julia," and "Sgt. Pepper's Conely Club Fand." There is no Sgt. Pepper album by the name, but rather *The Best of the Beatles*—1967.

I've also seen some of the Japanese groups you wrote about, and they are incredibly lame. Their lyrics are incomprehensible, and the music is amateurish beyond all telling of it. From the magazine ads and store displays I'd say they are now more popular than Hendrix, the Doors, etc.

The Philippine groups, on the other hand, are very adept. I met one group that could play *Sgt. Pepper* flawlessly all the way through, note for note, even to the point of fading where a song had a fadeout ending. There are hundreds of these groups playing local spots in the Philippines, because the American groups never get down this way, I guess.

A lot of them could cut some of our professional groups. They can play "Light My Fire," for instance, as well as or better than the Doors themselves. The trouble is that they have no real concept of improvisation, and no writing talents to speak of, so they will probably never make a contribution, but there's a lot of talent there.

MICHAEL GEARY
BROOKLYN

SIRS:

I've been tuning in to "the shine"—the conductor of The Great Concert in the Sky. Well, you know that's the one where Beethoven, Woody Guthrie, Sam Cooke, Big Bopper, Brian Jones and Otis Redding all get together and jam somewhere in outer space or wherever.

Well, I've been humming right along saying, "That's where it's at," and this voice seems to tingle skidder smack-dab in the center of my macrobiotic breakfast cuisine, "You've got it, Brother." Down around the Moose Tribe a lotta far-out tunes are being laid down; like Hyway Chef singing Old Man Ribber as he dashes spices from his outfit with many pockets into finest fixings or all the rustling leaves in Baby Cheese's dream or the Sail Boat Children trucking on down around Jackdaw to Angel Island, all this and more, but: the sweetest sound I've heard is the conductor's shine.

RAND EMERSON
JULIAN, CALIFORNIA

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Random Notes

Pissed that a foreign dude like Bob Dylan can come into his country and pack away \$70,000 for an hour's work, British labor minister, Marcus Lipton, shot off a letter to Parliament, telling the Minister for Employment & Productivity that the Dylan pay was "not a powerful incentive for workers to accept income restraint." In reply, Lipton was told to cool it, since such payments "do not contravene the Government's wages policy." Also, a ban on foreign artists would not be in the interests, to put it mildly, of the dozens of British acts picking up thousands of very American dollars...

Don't look for the Youngbloods to renew their contract with RCA when the band meets the company for negotiations this month. After three years, the group, according to manager Stu Kutchins, is pretty well convinced that RCA just can't handle their kind of music and their kind of heads. Hassles included poor or botched-up publicity on albums and a general lack of financial support, until "Get Together" became a million-seller this summer. But it took RCA three years to get that message, and there are a couple of labels around that apparently know how to get it on with rock and roll.

Coverage of the Big Sur Folk Festival in the Los Angeles Free Press was typically tasty—good run-down of the vibes and the music and the people by John Carpenter—all except for one peculiar detail. Editor Art Kunkin took some pleasant photos of the thing, one of them depicting two young longhairs stone naked dancing on the stage. Caption was "The festival wasn't uptight." The Free Press, however, was uptight, and carefully touched up the picture so no genitalia could be seen. What's especially peculiar about this is that, while photographer Art Kunkin has captured a happy moment of joy/space/relaxation with his camera, it was Art Kunkin, in his role as editor of the Free Press, who robbed the photo of its balls.

We recently saw the Doors' flick, *Feast of Friends*, at the San Francisco Film Festival, where it was soundly booed and hissed. And with good reason, too: a total waste of time (one would think they screen things like this first). The short had a few good writhing moments, but in general was the most amateurish, embarrassing affair we've seen in a long time. By turns, corny, pretentious, silly, sloppy, fantastically boring, and mainly just unending first-try amateur movie-making. It was awful. When we were leaving, through the lobby, who was there but Jim Morrison himself! We thought that he would be hiding in a closet.

Also at the Film Festival, the short feature *Popcorn*, billed as a rock and roll movie with the Stones, Small Faces, Bee Gees, Otis Redding and others. It was trash: old promo TV bits on various groups' old hits strung together with a psychedelic version of a Dick Clark mentality of "youth." It started to show film of Otis singing "Respect," and then they cut right into the middle of it with French disc jockey Emperor Rosko doing the most inane d.j. type stuff. This was too much, and about half the audience, including ourselves, walked out. The producers of this film should be shot, and those who control the film clips of Otis and the Stones ought to immediately withdraw their permissions and not have anything to do with the film.

Manfred Mann is alive and has swelled up to become a ten-piece band. The group is called Chapter Three, with a dozen horns and reeds piled atop a keyboard-dominated quintet. Untested, they are nonetheless moving fast. Their record-

ing contracts guarantee the group a total of \$1 million in advances and royalties. That's a lot of what might be called blind faith.

You remember Steppenwolf? The thinking man's existential pores-open leather freakrock and roll band? Wonder of wonders, they all but inspired a riot in Honolulu. Some 400 freaks tried to crash the gates to hear them at Honolulu International Center. Somebody had gotten out a mimeographed letter, distributed by the hundreds, which said: "Free—in concert—Steppenwolf... Who can afford concert tickets costing \$3.50 to \$5.50? You can see Steppenwolf free... with a little imagination and group action. Get together with your friends. Come down and join the fun." The 20 rent-a-cops who fought off the onslaught blamed it, naturally, on Steppenwolf and good old rock and roll and vowed never again to stand guard duty when those cats were on.

Delaney and Bonnie and friend Eric Clapton are booked for Albert Hall December 1st. There is some talk about the band being joined at the Hall by such notables as George Harrison, John Lennon, and a couple of Rolling Stones.

The Vietnam Moratorium in mid-October went smoothly enough but there were early indications that authorities in some sectors did not intend to smile favorably upon the November 14-15 Moratorium replay, during which thousands are expected to march in Washington, D.C. and elsewhere. In San Francisco, plans for a November 15th protest meeting at Golden Gate Park were dealt a heavy blow when city authorities refused permission for rock and roll bands to perform. Demanding a change in the Park & Recreation Department ruling, mobilization coordinator Terence Hallinan said: "Rock bands are an indispensable cultural part of the rally." He called the decision "clearly prejudicial against the young."

Meanwhile, a benefit rock dance/concert for the Chicago 8 is being put together by sometime-Hog Farmer Hugh Romney for November 29th at the Aragon Ballroom (high above the U.S. District Court). Bands and light shows—and anybody else who's interested in helping—should call Romney at (312) 642-4895. In San Francisco, the number is (415) 431-3557.

Who, what, where: The Doors have shelved their live album and now are cutting a "rock"-styled LP of original material for Christmas release... Neil Young's first album for Reprise has been re-mastered to bring Neil's voice out and is to be released in November as *Neil Young's First Album Again*... Van Morrison's second album for Warner Brothers is half-complete... as is Delaney and Bonnie's final LP *Elektra*, an acoustic LP tentatively titled *The Motel Shot*... Spencer Davis has signed with Columbia... so has Eric Burdon, leaving MGM after umpteen albums and double that number of band personnel changes... Jim Kweskin and Lisa Kindred, among others, have joined the (Mel) Lyman Family commune in Boston to produce a series of albums for Reprise; in an earlier incarnation, Lyman was founder-editor of the Boston *Avatar*... Poppy Records will be releasing an anthology of early Lightnin' Hopkins songs, called *Lightnin'!*, in November... Aretha Franklin's

next LP is due in January, and includes a McCartney tune, "Let It Be," off the *Get Back* album... the same month the next LP from the now-defunct Mothers of Invention, *Burnt Weenie Sandwich*, is expected... Pacific Gas & Electric will be doing three songs in Otto Preminger's next classic (starring Liza Minelli), *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon*... and David Blue isn't Blue any more; on his next Reprise album, *Me*, he is billing himself as S. David Cohen, his real name.

Pacific Gas & Electric, the band, is calling for a boycott of Aaron Russo's Kinetic Playground in Chicago. Seems the band was booked, along with Bonzo Dog Band, Lonnie Mack, and Lee Michaels for October 10th and 11th. On the afternoon of the 10th, the Playground called to cancel the gig—the Chicago conspiracy trial was causing "civic tension," and the cops asked that the ballroom be closed that weekend. No bread—as contracted; no expenses paid. In short, a stone drag. Pacific Gas & Electric lost \$2500 in expenses, along with the contracted performance fee. Drummer Frank Cook, who also acts as manager, will forego union and court fights ("That'd take forever, man") and has organized what he calls "The Free Musicians of America."

Wherever there's a monopoly on entertainment—as in Chicago (or, as Cook puts it, "Russo's on a crazed mother-fucking power trip")—FMA will produce and promote their own shows. The first show is scheduled in Russo territory—at Chicago's Auditorium Theater, on December 5th. PG&E will headline; MCS and Rotary Connection will support.

Screw, the New York City sex-paper (one of a group of about four tabloids, combining an underground approach with the old-fashioned sex-tabloids) is a superb little publication and earns our Honesty in Journalism Accolade. Screw is the editorial product of two men named Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein, and they write, edit and carry on with the incredibly forthright, funny and honest humor that once characterized the early Mad Magazines, and Humbug, during its short life. Don't get it if you don't dig lots of sex, but otherwise a great publication. Weekly, 13 issues for \$6.00 from Screw, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.

Yoko Ono Lennon had a miscarriage—her second in the last year—October 10th. Her baby was expected in December. John and Yoko were reported to be "very depressed," but recovering at their new Georgian mansion near Ascot. Yoko also had a miscarriage last November.

The Who will perform their opera *Tommy* at the London Coliseum, where traditional opera and ballet is usually the staple. Classy, eh?

The Amen Corner, a British group, has joined the rush to disband, but without the careful thought and preparation the riff calls for. Their farewell statement, for instance, uses the over-worked lick, they have achieved "all that was possible for them within the musically creative limitations of their market," which can not possibly sustain the aesthetic weight of an entire press release. Lead singer Andy Fairweather Low's

contemplation of going out as a single act is lacking in timing and dynamics. The hand of a wise publicity agent was badly needed in this otherwise admirable, and clearly well-intentioned, breakup.

The Nice, who burned American flags as part of their act during 1968 and were therefore banned from London's Royal Albert Hall, recently played the Benenden Ball at Quaglin's, one of the most elegant nightclubs in London. The affair is held annually for ex-students of Princess Anne's old school. What makes this news is that—according to the show biz paper, *Variety*—Princess Anne seems to have asked, specifically, that the Nice appear. Let's all burn a flag in honor of Her Royal Highness.

Pops Foster died on October 30 in San Francisco at the age of 77, a fact that will probably not send many rock freaks into grief. But it would be worth a moment for reflection. Pops Foster started out playing bass with the earliest jazz bands in Storyville, in New Orleans, and with his slap-slap technique, was one of the pioneers in creating the driving, charging rhythm feel that has since splintered into a glory of 1969 manifestations—rock and roll, jazz, blues, rhythm and blues, soul, and so on. Pops Foster (real name: George Foster) was there at the start and made it happen for 60 years as a professional bass player (with Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Sidney Bechet and countless others), and for that we owe him, at the very least, a smile.

The headline of the century slipped by all but unnoticed in the San Francisco Chronicle recently: *Moon Men Brief Pope on Cosmos*... That's the Chronicle for you, and that's why Jefferson Airplane manager Bill Thompson went to the Chron's city room when it came time to get some headlines for the Airplane's *Volunteers* LP photos and "newsletter." The results, of course, are nothing short of amazing.

Miles Davis is offering a \$5000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the cat that unloaded his heater into the side of Miles' Ferrari.

Pete Welding, who writes about blues for several magazines, ROLLING STONE not the least of them, has signed on as West Coast artists and repertoire chief with Epic Records. Good news for Epic. Welding will continue to contribute in this publication from time to time as he has in the past.

Good new album to watch for: The Allman Brothers, released on Atlantic in mid-month. Leader of the pack is Duane Allman, the extraordinary guitarist whose work has been featured on the Wilson Pickett, Boz Scaggs and Clarence Carter albums out of Muscle Shoals. Duane's brother Mark sings and plays the organ, and the rest of these long-haired southern boys put together a very heavy set of modern electric blues, tightly re-arranged, which will be dug by anyone into powerhouse bands.

Anachronism exemplified: The Crew Cuts are back. The trio, which sold millions of records in the early 50's by doing covers on black, or "race records," were signed to a recording contract by George and Sam Goldner, producers responsible for a long string of hits by Buddy Knox, Jimmy Bowen, The Dubs, the Chantels, Little Anthony, the Isley Brothers, and, last year, the Intruders. The CC's have been doing sessions and should have an LP out soon. According to Goldner, the guys are back to cash in on the so-called "Fifties Revival." And, of course, they still sport crew-cuts.



The Jimi Hendrix Experience



The Mothers of Invention



Van Dyke Parks



Jethro Tull



Neil Young



The Kinks



The Everly Brothers



Joni Mitchell



Fats Domino



The Fugs



The Grateful Dead



The Pentangle

Mail to: Record Show
Room 208
Warner/Reprise Records
Burbank, California 91503

DD

Send the special albums checked below to:

- ☐ A copy of *Record Show*. I enclose \$2.
☐ A copy of *Record Show* and *Songbook*. I enclose \$4.

(Checks should be made payable to Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records.)

This offer expires August 1, 1970.

28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.

All of the artists pictured above — plus such as Peter, Paul & Mary, Theodore Bikel, Randy Newman, Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Sweetwater, Doug Kershaw, Pearls Before Swine, and more — have joined in a unique album project.

They have put together an extraordinary double stereo album called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE
RECORD SHOW

Two records. Four sides. The very best of what these artists are currently and will be offering on Warner/Reprise (which means that a lot of the stuff on the album is, as of this writing, still unreleased — over a dozen tracks from upcoming Warner/Reprise albums).

Under normal conditions, this two-album set would sell for \$9.96.

But the artists in our *Record Show* are not normal artists. They want their new recordings heard. Widely. And to get that done, they are willing to give up all their royalties on this album. (Just as long as Warner/Reprise doesn't make anything either.)

So here's the deal: *The 1969 Warner/Reprise Record Show* will only be sold by mail (no middle man). Warner/Reprise tosses in deluxe packaging. And you, the record buyer (who we fervently hope will be encouraged to pick up more of what you hear at regular retail prices) can get

a copy of *Record Show* for the below cost price of

TWO BUCKS

Actually, this is a promotion in which everybody wins. You get an extensive taste of new Hendrix, new Pentangle, new Jethro Tull, new Van Dyke Parks, new Randy Newman, etc. The artists on *Record Show*, and subsequently Warner/Reprise, win some new friends.

We know this is how it works because earlier this year we offered—a bit hesitantly—the first of these revolutionary albums. It was called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE
SONGBOOK

This was also a two dollar, two record set, with over 40 songs by 26 important artists (including the first U.S. release of Jimi Hendrix' "Red House," which subsequently turned up over the summer in his best-selling *Smash Hits* album).

Songbook began as just a nice thing to do for our friends. But the people who got ahold of it wrote in to tell us differently:

Really liked the records. Have since purchased The Pentangle's *Sweet Child* and The Everly Brothers' *Roots*. Kindly send me five order forms for friends. I hope you people do well. You seem fairly straight.

J.C.I.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

That was for *Songbook*. The *Record Show* is even finer, deluxer, and more provocative.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Frankly, we don't plan on selling more than a couple of thousand copies of *Record Show*. Mostly because this offer sounds too good to be true. And we know that naturally suspicious people will probably pass this ad by.

Which is really a shame.

Because if you do mail in your \$2 (or \$4 if you also want a copy of the earlier and all-different *Songbook* set), you'll soon have a collector's item on your phonograph. (That concept we toss in for you prestige-lovers.)

Each copy of *Record Show* has bound into it a few pages of pictures and background about the artists on the album. This way you'll learn the story behind such nifties as

- JONI MITCHELL'S Carnegie Hall debut (and hear some of it on *Record Show*).
- VAN DYKE PARKS' extraordinary Moog synthesizer commercials for the 1970 Ice Capades (also on *Record Show*).
- Tracks from as yet unreleased albums by FRANK ZAPPA, LORRAINE ELLISON, THE KINKS . . .

We could, you realize, go on and on . . .

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The 28 artists in *Record Show* are convinced you'll find their double album more than you expected. We are, too. To try to get on your good side and, possibly, move more than two thousand albums, we hereby offer you this (unnecessary) guarantee: If you don't find *Record Show* worth every penny, return the album to us within 10 days and we'll send you back your two bucks.

Via air mail.

Continued from Page One
owns publishing on most of the songs on the James Taylor LP.

"In the early days," Lennon recalls, "we vaguely had an ideal about British music and that if we could break through and make it to America, others could break through after us. We got trapped in the ideal of Apple, and were swamped with the bums and freaks that everyone else had been turning down for years. When Apple was at Wigmore street, I used to see everybody who came in, and I used to spend the whole day turning away complete rotters. If Apple was going to be what the ideal for it was, I would have to spend the rest of my life sifting through other people's songs and stuff. We had to get back to being musicians and being ourselves."

Many of the current Beatle problems are traceable back to Epstein: When the nine year deal was made with Capitol, Epstein apparently wrote himself into it, afraid the Beatles might not resign with him. According to Klein, Epstein "may have had good taste and wore nice suits, but was the worst businessman."

Lennon says that "Brian was inspirational, but we wasn't a fantastic whatever people said he was. As far as I can see, Brian made the same mistakes we made: bad judgment and bad advisors." A law-suit once initiated by the Beatles against NEMS, apparently contains a full brief of mismanagement by Epstein, but no one feels there is any point in airing this now.

A nine year contract in the rock and roll field was unheard of. "It used to gall Paul," Klein stated, "that the Stones were getting so much more money from their contract—which I negotiated—than the Beatles were from the contract Epstein had set up. They were both done at the same time. It took Epstein nine months to negotiate it."

When Klein took over the management of Apple, he did three things:

1.) Re-negotiated the Beatles recording contract. The Beatles now receive a 69c royalty per record on their old LPs, where they used to receive 6c, and on their new records they will get 84c. The new arrangement also means that EMI, in England, licenses U.S. rights to Beatle product directly to Apple in the United States, and then Capitol distributes that. The Beatles are under no obligation to come up with a specified amount of product, and they have re-gained ownership of all their old material. A portion of their increased royalties is contingent on producing more than one record a year, however.

On the seven Beatle LPs released before 1967, the Beatles were getting 6 cents per copy royalty, and on the seven LPs after 1967, they were getting 39 cents each, all of which Epstein was taking 25% on. Now they are getting 69 cents on all product, and will eventually get 84 cents per LP after September 1972.

Why did Capitol go along voluntarily with these very substantial changes when they didn't have to? According to Klein, there was the implied threat of withholding product and that Capitol simply realized how badly the Beatles were getting fucked under the old contract. Also under new arrangements, the Beatles get their checks every month, instead of bi-annually. "They got a new deal with Capitol without extending their contract one day." The Beatles contract with Capitol runs until January of 1976.

2.) "My first job," Klein said, "was to get the Beatles enough money so that they didn't have to worry. I got them nearly \$10,000,000.00 in capital gains by selling their shares in Northern Songs and NEMS."

The Northern Songs affair is a complex little business history, but basically involved minority shareholders Lennon and McCartney in a stockholder's battle for control of the company with England's giant ATV entertainment conglomerate. Paul McCartney and John Lennon are under contract to Northern Songs, a public company which they owned a large but minority interest in, to write six songs a year until February 1973. The company also holds very valuable copyrights on old Beatles material. (The Beatles also publish through Apple Publishing, Harrisongs, and Mac-Len Music; the latter company is owned 20% by Apple and 40% each to John and Paul.)

A take-over of the company was initiated by the chief of ATV, the well-known Sir Lew Grade. The Beatles wanted to fight back and own the com-

pany. "I didn't promise them I would get Northern back," Klein says. "Paul's father-in-law, [New York attorney Lee Eastman who comes in again later in this tale] wanted it. I didn't think it was worth the \$25 million it would have cost to keep it. It would have been better for me, personally, if we re-gained control of Northern; I would have made more money. But I wanted the Beatles to only put up \$2 million, not \$25 million, or else sell it and get top dollar."

"When you beat Lew Grade in his own country, you're doing a pretty good job. Dick James sold his share to ATV in May at 20 shillings per share. He told Grade that the Beatles would never fight. I forced Grade to pay 40 shillings a share. He now has to pay Lennon and McCartney more money each year in interest than Northern makes before taxes, and they still get their 50% of composer's royalties as well. That's what I got for fighting. When you get your client \$10,000,000.00, you don't lose."

3.) NEMS Enterprises, which was the Brian Epstein/Beatles company for their business, controlled all the Beatles record and film deals, for which they took 25% on everything. After Epstein died, his stock went to his mother who sold it to a London investment company, Triumph Investments. After Apple was formed, NEMS was still taking a percentage, still had control, but were doing nothing. Klein arranged to sell back the Beatles 10% piece of NEMS to Triumph, for 460,000 pounds, and end the NEMS contract-hold over Apple. According to Klein, the "funny papers" reference on *Abbey Road*, originally was something he said to the Beatles about one of Triumph's financial offers. Nothing more.

A dozen other little items and projects enter into the Apple pie:

• LP sales are, on *Abbey Road*, bigger than ever. "It's no different today than it ever was," Klein says. "Two million copies of the double LP were sold. *Abbey Road* so far has sold 2.5 million units, including records and tapes, and we haven't even hit the Christmas season."

• The upcoming film, to be distributed by United Artists, of the recording of the *Get Back* album, now titled "Let It Be," is "one of the best deals I've ever seen," says Klein. "They get profits on it starting from dollar one, with no deductions for publicity, distribution fees or anything. On the picture and soundtrack, the Beatles will make more money than they have on anything before, and almost more than on all their previous records combined."

• Zapple projects, formed as a subsidiary label to disassociate Apple from the *Two Virgins* LP, are all indefinitely postponed, including the low-budget series of spoken word LPs. "No deals were ever made, no rights were ever delivered," says Klein. "We had Lenny Bruce tapes, sure, but how many dozens



John: 'We have to take care of ourselves first'

of people claim they own the rights to that? We don't want to have more law-suits. The people who were sent around to do these records with poets never made contracts at all. As far as doing low-budget records, my theory is that if they are good, we'll charge. Otherwise we'll give it away free."

• The fired employees: "I was nice to Ron Kass, I let him leave. Financially, he almost destroyed the Beatles. Peter Asher never signed James Taylor to Apple Publishing. He was a wonderful kid, but what did he ever do? Peter Brown was taken off the Board of Directors. Everyone there was extending an authority they never had in the first place. The former employees had a variety of divided loyalties, between NEMS and Brian Epstein and Apple. Very little ever got done. You had people who were doing nothing. So all the NEMS' men, who were literally spies for NEMS at Apple, were fired. Kass was there for a year and not one agreement, other than James Taylor, was ever signed. Now he is trying to get Taylor to MGM. If he wants to go, MGM is going to have to pay."

"The Beatles said to me 'Allen, we can't get rid of these people, you do it.' So I did it. Now the Beatles are free of all that, and free of NEMS, and able to do whatever they want to do."

At one point, when Klein was brought in on Apple, Paul McCartney refused to sign the management papers, but, according to Lennon, "Paul has finally come around." Paul had his brother-in-law, New York lawyer John Eastman, representing him and hoping to become manager of Apple Corps at large. But Eastman "couldn't get over his emotional involvement," according to Klein, "although I insisted at first that Eastman be made their lawyer. But he was bucking to be their manager. He's been an absolute pain in the ass. He was only interested in one of them, and sometimes that's not what's best for the four of them. Now he no longer represents the Beatles, or even Paul as a Beatle. He has been out since May, and Paul McCartney okayed that statement."

"I'm their business manager for them and all their companies" [37 separate companies throughout the world, to be exact,] according to Klein. "The papers are signed by all the them—hell, they're afraid I'll leave. But before the Beatles sign anything, I make them read every word of it. They say 'You read it Allen,' but I tell them it's their lives and that they should read every word of it."

"I could have insisted on a lot longer contract than the one year we signed. Lennon said 'If he want's 40%, give it to him.' And McCartney agreed. Now we have just signed for five full years."

About his own reputation, Klein says "There has been an enormous amount of back biting. You won't find one client of mine who says I wasn't honest. As far as Cameo-Park-

way is concerned, they were de-listed by the stock exchange because of their poor earnings records before I bought them out. They were bankrupt. I was never accused of any wrongdoing."

John now wants to make another tour. Klein figures he can get the drug arrest and visa problems sorted out, and wants to put them on the road.

"The first thing was to make them all wealthy," Klein says. "Now that's done, and everything else follows. The Beatles don't know how to say 'no,' and they never did. The Beatles will be involved in Apple, but not to the extent that their lack of total involvement will hurt other artists that are signed. Mickie Most will now be producing Mary Hopkin. Hers was the only real hit they had. The album came back in droves and the Modern Jazz Quartet thing was a terrible deal."

"Apple Records in the states is still Capitol, however. They press, audit and distribute. The deal is better now, but still terrible. We split half the profits with Capitol."

"I cured all their problems, it's all done."

Lennon first got turned on to Klein by Mick Jagger, whom Klein has represented for over five years. Mick told John that Allen was honest and John decided that Klein was what was needed.

For his part, John says now "I'd like an outlet for my own creativity. That's what I wanted. Then I thought we could open it to others. Maybe we still can. But we have to take care of ourselves first."

New Beatles Film: 'Let It Be'

LONDON—*Get Back*, at various times scheduled for release in July, December, and January, has been pushed back again—this time to February of next year, when the Beatles will be out not only on record, but on television and in a full-length feature film as well.

The delayed action will begin with, of all things, the Ed Sullivan Show where, in February, the fab four will be honored with a one-hour tribute, consisting of a stream of artists performing Beatle tunes and film clips of various Beatle performances. Then the Beatles themselves will surprise everyone by dropping in on the New York-based show for a round of handshaking (but no performing).

From there, the Beatles will go attend the opening of the feature film shot while they were rehearsing and recording the *Get Back* album. The film now entitled *Let It Be* (from the beautiful McCartney tune in the album), was shot in 16 MM and planned last summer as a simple TV promotional film to coincide with the release of *Get Back*. Since then, the film has been blown up to 35 MM and will

—Continued on Page 8

Led Zeppelin II is ready



*on Atlantic Records
and 8 Track Cartridges*



—Continued from Page 6

be distributed around the country by United Artists, who also distributed the previous two full-length Beatles films, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help*.

Let It Be footage has also been edited into a one-hour TV special, now up for sale.

The soundtrack from the film—essentially, the long-awaited *Get Back* album, will still be on the Apple label but will be distributed by United Artists.

Meanwhile, Ringo, on a one-week visit to Hollywood last month, is working out another couple of Beatles projects. The first is a solo LP of his own; the other, a possible Beatles television special for American television.

Ringo, representing Apple, met with Pierre Cossette and Burt Sugarman of the Coburn Corporation, a subsidiary of the Leisure Time Corporation. According to Cossette, his firm had made its offer to produce the TV show; in Hollywood, Ringo delivered the Beatles' list of terms.

"We don't have a deal yet," Cossette said. "All I can say is we've been talking about things."

Ringo also met with a number of Capitol Records executives. Capitol wasn't saying what those sessions were about, but an Apple spokesman told the British pop paper, *Melody Maker*, that Ringo was in L.A. "looking around for arrangers at the moment" for an album of Ringo's favorite songs, "done in traditional style." The LP will probably be recorded in London this month.

Ringo and his wife Maureen were accompanied by Neil Aspinall and his old lady Susie. They stayed at the Beverly Hills home of movie star Mary Pickford.

The Stones & the Gathering Madness

LOS ANGELES—It was a hell of a way to welcome the Rolling Stones to America. First, everybody criticized them for permitting, or causing, concert ticket prices to go as high as \$12.50. Then, the musicians union rode in and started talking about kicking the Stones out of the country.

"Deportation" became a real possibility when the American Federation of Musicians (Local 47 in Los Angeles) heard the Stones were planning to record while here. Mick Jagger had even confirmed this during a press conference. Trouble was, the Stones' work permits from the Department of Immigration said nothing about recording while in the U.S.

The time in the studio was spent completing the last details on their new album, *Let It Bleed*, scheduled for release on November 10. The new album is in the bluesy, *Beggars Banquet* style. Tracks include:

"Midnight Rambler," a long bluesy bit with a long instrumental passage; "Love in Vain," a Robert Johnson ballad, the only number the Stones didn't write; "Gimme Shelter" and "You've Got The Silver Now," on which Keith sings lead; a long, nine-minute version of the already-released "You Can't Always Get What You Want," featuring the big female choir much more heavily than on the single, and is a great number; "Country Honk," a country version of "Honky Tonk Women," featuring a fiddle and all that; there's also "Live With Me," the title tune, "Let It Bleed," and "Monkey Man" which contains these lyrics: "I'm a cold Italian pizza/I could use a lemon squeeze/I hope we're not too messianic/or a trifle too satanic/we just love to play the blues."

As soon as the Stones settled into their sumptuous mountain-top homes here (11 people in one house, Mick, Keith, Mick Taylor and several others in the other) the madness began to form. Much of this came in talk and activity surrounding the price and availability of tickets to the two Forum concerts November 8.

At first the Stones were criticized for asking so much money that the concert promoters apparently felt it was necessary to charge as much as \$7.50 a ticket. Then it was discovered \$7.50 wasn't even the top price—that the promoters, radio station KRLA and Concert Associates, had held back the first twenty rows of seats for "friends" in the industry, from whom they were asking \$12.50 a ticket.

This meant that so long as the concerts' top price was being advertised as \$7.50, kids who bought the expensive tickets assumed they were buying seats

fairly close to the stage. November 8, they wouldn't even be within screaming distance.

At the same time, KRLA and Concert Associates had broken all records for money charged for a single rock concert in Los Angeles.

"It's like a status thing, in a prize fight, with ringside seats," explained Jim Rissmiller, one of the Concert Associates' promoters. "We've had people calling offering \$40 for these seats. We would never use a concert with so much prestige to bilk the public. Presenting the Rolling Stones is good for us, business-wise. It gets us other acts. We're making money, sure, but we make a lot more with the Iron Butterfly in Anaheim."

"But the cost of the tickets. That's the Stones' responsibility. They set the prices, not us."

Tickets in Los Angeles sold out in eight hours, a total of 36,000 seats for two shows. About three hundred people waited overnight in front of the box office to get the first seats. Los Angeles opens the 13-city, 18-show tour, the Stones' first in three years. Here is their schedule:

November 8—The Forum, Los Angeles, California.
November 9—The Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, California.
November 10—The Sports Arena, San Diego, California.
November 11—The Coliseum, Phoenix, Arizona.
November 13—Moddy Coliseum, Dallas, Texas.
November 14—The Coliseum, Auburn University, Auburn, Ala.
November 15—The University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois.
November 16—Chicago International Amphitheater, Chicago, Illinois.
November 24—Olympia Stadium, Detroit, Michigan.
November 25—The Spectrum, Philadelphia, Pa.
November 26—Baltimore Civic Center, Baltimore, Maryland.
November 27 and 28—Madison Square Garden, New York.
November 29—The Boston Gardens, Boston, Mass.
November 30—West Palm Beach Pop Festival, West Palm Beach, Florida.

As for the Stones themselves, they, too, were being hassled for tickets. "They're only givin' us 25 of them," Jagger told the callers—most of whom could afford tickets, no matter what the cost, but apparently wanted to say they got them from the Stones instead. "Our contract says we get 25, that's all—to be divided between the five of us. We must have 100 friends in Los Angeles at least. S'not enough, is it?"

Wherever they go, though, the Stones remained the Stones—somewhat larger than life—and they drew crowds. Not large crowds. At the Ash Grove, where Taj Mahal was playing, at the Brass Ring, where Delaney and Bonnie and Friends were playing, at several other night clubs, the audiences were too cool for much public demonstration. But attention was paid. And business was always good when the Stones arrived; news of their presence traveled fast.

Even if you weren't on the club circuit, constantly running into or just missing Jagger, it didn't take much to keep track of them. All you had to do was read Joyce Haber's gossip column in the morning *Times* or watch Rona Barrett on Channel 11 at night. They even told you what the Stones ate.

Meantime, the activities of the Stones were reaching an almost insane pitch,

The greatest rock and roll band in the world?

fed by the feeling of it in the air: The Stones Are In Town!

KRLA was hawking tickets to the concerts in contests, all the young members of the music biz in Los Angeles, and certainly all the groupies, male and female alike, were all hanging around the Stones' official headquarters on Oriole Drive in the Hollywood Hills. (The house boasts a tennis court, swimming pool, a spectacular view of Los Angeles, and five newly-installed phone lines.)

In a more secluded location, another huge house buried on the other side of the Hollywood Hills, Mick, Keith and Mick Taylor were living with cooks, chauffeurs, bodyguards, etc., and holding daily closed rehearsals.

Needless to say, the rehearsals were incredible. In a makeshift sound studio at the back of the house, the five Stones were jamming and arranging. Running through old hits ("I'm Free") and a waiting on the new ones.

Our man at the scene who sat in on one night of the rehearsals said this: "They are the best rock and roll group in the world. Mick Taylor will settle down and follow Keith's lead instead of busying up the sound; Mick sings beautifully, and the rhythm section—well, there's no contest. Hopefully the concert situations won't muddy up the sound, but just seeing them sit around and play live and loud—well, that's it, isn't it?"

Nicky Hopkins A New Messenger



SAN FRANCISCO—Nicky Hopkins, the British session pianist of Rolling Stones/Beatles/Who/Kinks/Steve Miller/Jeff Beck Group/Jefferson Airplane renown, has thrown all his keys in with one band: Quicksilver Messenger Service.

Hopkins, who's been working with the QMS on their latest album since July, made the decision early last week. The band is rehearsing at a house in Corte Madera, in northern Marin County, then will hike off for concert engagements.

Since summer, Hopkins has also more or less settled into the San Francisco area, in Mill Valley, at the home

of Quicksilver guitarist John Cipollina. Nicky tore himself away from a complicated octagonal jigsaw puzzle he was working to tell *ROLLING STONE* how everything came together the way they did:

"I came over in June for two weeks to do Steve Miller's LP (*Brave New World*) and I just stuck around 'cause I really didn't want to go back. The last time I was here, I had to go back to do the Rolling Stones' TV Circus thing, but I really loved it here and didn't want to leave."

Hopkins was kept busy, doing keyboard work on the Airplane's *Volunteers* LP being recorded at Wally Heider's. He stuck around some more to do session work on Quicksilver's LP. (Called *Shady Grove*; due next January; now in final mixdown at Pacific High.) From four long months of work with Quicksilver, he became a close friend of Cipollina's— "His head's in a place very similar to mine," Hopkins said—and decided to take root here.

"Steve Miller's another important reason for my staying here," Nicky said, "very nice, with no shady dealings— just opposite to the whole Jeff Beck/Mickey Most thing." Hopkins was with the volatile Beck for less than a year.

Although he's definitely a member of Quicksilver, Hopkins says "it's very loose. I can still do session things with other bands. That's one of the groovy things about this; there'd be no way else to do it."

Hopkins, who fell ill from overwork and had to be hospitalized some six years ago, has just recuperated now from his fatigue following the four-month session with Quicksilver. At last report, he had the jigsaw puzzle—featuring an Oriental design—about one-sixth done.

Billboard Steps In Festival Shit

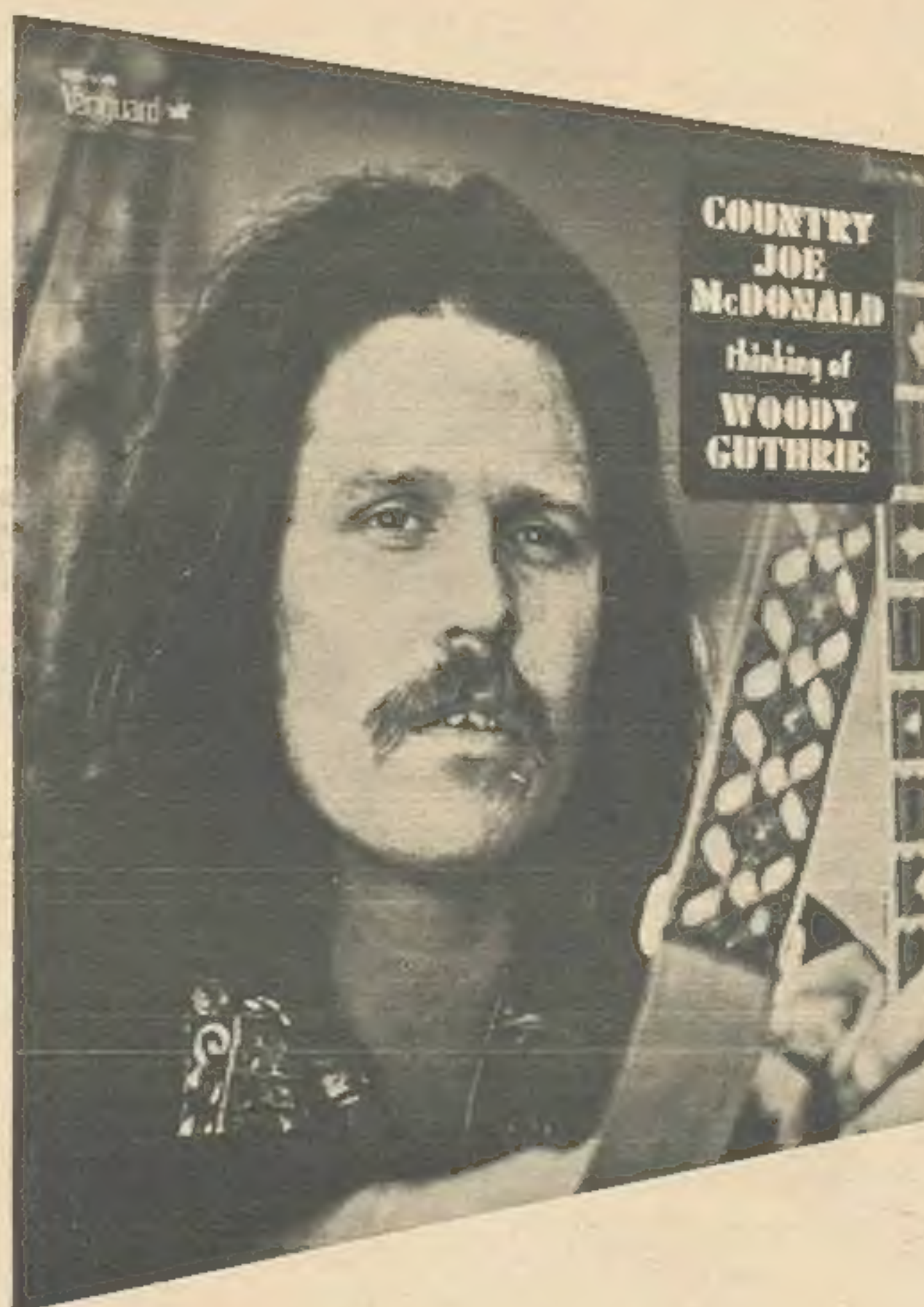
NEW YORK—On the face of it, the story in *Billboard* looked like dynamite. PEACE FESTIVAL, GOVT. STYLE, SET FOR AUGUST '70 was the headline, and it contained news of a United States Peace Festival to be held next August on Indian Lands in Arizona, with one to three million people to attend.

The very top rock and pop and jazz and soul and folk performers would appear at the week-long festival, for the sake of peace. Best of all, it would be free; come one, come all.

The way *Billboard*—the widely respected music trade weekly—reported it, this festival was going to be done right. Two sides to President Nixon—Bud Wilkinson and Daniel Moynihan—were in on it. The directors would include Arlo Guthrie, John Lennon, Tommy James, Peter Fonda and New York Mayor John V. Lindsay. The money would be fronted by major corporations like Coca Cola, Union Carbide, United States Steel and American Telephone and Telegraph (AT&T). The whole affair would be filmed from start to finish by Otto Preminger, also one of the directors.

—Continued on Page 10

Here's A Real Nice Record



NOW YOU MAY WONDER if this record heralds a new trend in pop music, or means Country Joe is leaving the Fish, or anything of that sort. No. He wanted to make a record of Woody Guthrie songs so he and Sam Charters went to Nashville, and made this record at Bradley's Barn.

OUR HEARTS WERE IN OUR BOOTS when we started the sessions. Joe has been singing these songs for years, ever since he was a folk singer in California, and he's pretty good at it. But the band was professional studio musicians from Nashville, and they said they never heard of Woody Guthrie. It soon developed that they knew all the tunes though, play them all the time, and they enjoyed the chance to cut loose a little and do some fancy picking. Got a little far out every now and then, as you'll hear.

ALL YOUR FAVORITES are on this record. Pretty Boy Floyd, Talkin' Dust Bowl, Roll On Columbia, Tom Joad, Let The Curfew Blow, So Long It's Been Good To Know Yuh, Pastures of Plenty, This Land Is Your Land, Reuben James — at least they're all our favorites.

WOODY GUTHRIE'S LEGEND is important to a lot of us. In his introduction to THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND, Joe says: "I never really knew Woody Guthrie, but I can't help feel that somehow I always knew Woody. This record is a collection of songs I just naturally learned and loved in my early years of playing and singing. Woody said that he wanted to be known as the man who told you something you already knew, but for me this is a clue into the beauty and genius of Woody Guthrie, for he was just an ordinary man — he made all the mistakes, had all the vices, all the good and the bad things that every ordinary person has. He never gave you the feeling that he was better than you in any way, and he never gave you the feeling that he was worse than you. But that he loved you because you were just like him and he was just like you. Somehow, without thinking he tapped the reality and the dream of what is meant to be an American."



—Continued from Page 8

All in all, it sounded like one of the most incredible gatherings conceivable in the latter half of the 20th Century. The only trouble with it was that it was bullshit—a fabrication dreamt up by a New York flack (press agent) named Billy Smith.

This became painfully clear from the first attempts to get more details on the story. A phone call to the White House revealed that Bud Wilkinson had nothing to do with the Peace Festival. His aide laughed uproariously as Billboard's Page One account (byline: Fred Kirby, a regular Billboard writer) was read to him.

"Man," said White House aide Jeff Donfeld, "what a trip the guy who thought that up must have been on!" He guffawed at the names of conservative Republicans sprinkled throughout the story, and said flatly that those men would never get involved in any such festival. Nor was it likely that the Nixon Administration would go for it.

One of the festival board members mentioned in the Billboard story was Kenneth Dewey, director of program development, New York Council of Arts. He said he'd spoken with Smith, yes, and suggested that Smith try the idea out on the White House. It couldn't hurt. But Dewey had declined to become a director because the event was to be held out of state.

Neither was Mayor Lindsay a director. He had received a letter from Smith, but, as Marvin Bogner, Lindsay's press officer put it: "The Mayor is not sponsoring it, is not on the board of directors, and is not involved with it."

Indeed, one of the very few details that did check out was that John Calagna, president of Key Records, is on the board of directors. Key Records is owned by Felix Cavaliere of the Raspals. Calagna is Felix's best friend. Billy Smith used to do publicity for the Raspals. Small world, isn't it?

The 24-year-old Smith, who has never paid ROLLING STONE the \$385 he owes for an advertisement he placed in this publication one and one-half years ago, says, to indicate the kind of support he's got, that AT&T gave him a special credit card to help with the festival. A lie. AT&T never did any such thing.

Item: A company spokesman in AT&T's corporate grants division says they did talk with Smith, but made no promises. Maybe they'll put up some money—if Smith can first raise big bread from other companies.

Item: Coca Cola's New York officials knew nothing of the festival. Nonetheless, Smith maintains he's got their support.

"No one has ever thought of it," Smith told ROLLING STONE. "A festival like this just takes one person to put it together."

He acknowledged that it would be a problem for three million people to see and hear the music. But the sound, Smith said, "is going to be IBM computer sound; special sound for this." Pressed to describe computer sound, he couldn't.

He was equally vague when it came to finances. "In money," said Smith, "right now we have support coming in, not very much, we're holding off. We're just getting stuff that we need, some stationery. We're waiting for our legal counselor, Bob Fitzpatrick, to come into New York now and he's going to make the official deals which will be publicized."

Item: Oddly enough, Fitzpatrick himself knew very little about the event when he was reached for comment.

Smith's story is riddled with untruth—not to mention absurd details. For instance, the following from Billboard's story: "The emblem for the festival which aims to bring the government and youth together, has a red rising sun pushing back a wall of darkness, pictured in blue, symbolizing the freedom and openness of the future, pushing back disease, ignorance, greed and misunderstanding."

Sheer poetry. And pretty obvious bullshit. Few publications print stories like this one without checking its authenticity, especially when it comes from a person like Billy Smith, who is badly regarded in so many quarters.

Item: Smith was at one time publicist for Andy Warhol; after Warhol was shot and near death in a hospital, Smith had-rapped Warhol to the New York Daily News.

Item: Billboard's Fred Kirby neglected to check out anything in Smith's story prior to its publication.

Item: Two days after the story ap-

peared, Kirby was taken to the hospital and was incommunicado. Says he was in an automobile accident, but can't remember where it was or who he was with. The only injuries are to his head. Big bruises.

Meanwhile, Billboard had gotten a phone call from the White House, denying any involvement with Smith's festival. The magazine plans to carry a retraction. Reporters phoning Billboard for comment on the story were met continually with the explanation that everyone who could comment was tied up in conference. These conferences lasted throughout the day.

When finally Billboard editor Lee Zito came to the phone, all he would say, for the record, was: "We'd rather not discuss it."

Small wonder

Warhol's Viva: 'I Hate Everything'

BY MIKE GOODWIN

SAN FRANCISCO—Inevitably, Andy Warhol will make a Hollywood movie. He was supposed to have made one already, with Natalie Wood, but apparently the culture-shock was too great and

his life. It was a sandalwood box with three joints in it, carefully rolled. And then he turned out all his lights and showed me his psychedelic light box! First I thought he was a narc, then I thought he was the Zodiac Killer...

"He should be exposed. Somebody that dangerous should be exposed. I thought he was OK because he liked *Lonesome Cowboys*. If you're prepared, then it's groovy. Like somebody passed me a joint at the Grateful Dead last night, and it was just the same stuff that this journalist had, but it was so groovy. It was just so great. The music was so great, the light show, the kids, everything. I just didn't want to leave, I was really grooving. But to be in a situation that's bad to begin with... And I'm so unstable. I don't even take acid anymore. I just freak out. Freak out. So to do something like that to me is really sick. Sick, sick, sick, sick. Sick."

"Then the funniest part of the whole thing, I called Michael, my husband, in New York and told him the whole story. Woke him up out of bed. And I couldn't figure out why he wasn't getting upset. Twenty minutes later he called back and said, 'My God, what happened? Are you all right? I just listened to the tape.' Because we tape all our phone conversations. And he doesn't understand English that well if you're speaking fast."



Viva: 'Are you all right? I just listened to the tape'

the project fell through. His flick would probably have looked a lot like *Lion's Love*, a fascinating new film by Agnes Varda, starring Viva and the two authors of *Hair*.

Viva and Varda were in San Francisco for the premiere at the Film Festival, and somehow we ended up eating shrimp and rapping at Ghirardelli Square. Viva is probably Andy's most memorable superstar, but she claims to be through with The Factory. A great deal of money flows through the Warhol operation, it seems, but very little of it filters down to the actors. In any case, *Lion's Love* clearly shows that Viva can do it perfectly well without Andy.

"Don't ask me any questions about what I want to do. I hate life, I hate making movies, I hate everything. I hate journalists, I hate everybody. I had to run out of a journalist's house the other night. He's a piece of shit from a San Francisco newspaper and he gave me a joint that was so strong, and of course he never smoked in his life. I thought he was the Zodiac Killer [presently terrorizing the Bay Area] and I ran out into this residential neighborhood, and he ran after me and the police came and everything. It was just horrible."

"Can you imagine laying something like that on somebody without telling them how strong it is, and not smoking it yourself? Isn't that a low trick? It's either a low trick or he's stupid. I think he had the joints there to impress people. I don't think he's ever smoked in

A Pile of Money On Paul's 'Death'

BY JOHN BURKS

SAN FRANCISCO—The rock and roll industry is learning an old lesson a new way: There's big profit in death. The widespread rumors of Paul McCartney's death have meant:

1—Unprecedented sales of not only the newest Beatles LP, *Abbey Road*, but all their earlier records as well, and;

2—An enormous upsurge in listener response for those Top Forty AM stations who made a lot of noise about Paul's supposed death. And similar listener commotion for stations that either made little of the rumor or called it outright bullshit.

All observers agreed that—whatever the origin of the untrue tale of McCartney's death in 1966—there had never been so potent a stirrer of the rock consumer's imagination.

It was too early for precise sales figures at Capitol Records (the Beatles' American label in the early days, today distributor of their Apple label), so Capitol's vice president in charge of national merchandising, Rocco Catena, had to rely upon the initial activity reports of his district sales managers. In every case, they were ecstatic.

"Rumble on McCartney death," said Capitol's man in Seattle, "creating noth-

ing but extra sales in all my markets." New York reported "significant pickup in sales of all Beatles catalog albums." The action in Dallas was "tremendous."

In St. Louis, the largest record chains, Gem and Korvette, were both featuring sales displays including all Beatles products. Korvette, in fact, had taken display ads in the daily papers for the past six Beatles albums packaged together—a sort of funeral party pak.

In line with this, Capitol vice president Catena estimated that "from the looks of it, this is going to be the biggest month in history in terms of Beatles sales." No one's accusing Capitol of having initiated the rumor—which is much more baroque than anything the Los Angeles-based firm could likely dream up—but business couldn't be better, if it were all an elaborate promotional hoax.

The rumor has been around a long time. As early as last fall, a young man with a number of clues (that now are part of the rumor) had come by ROLLING STONE to pronounce Paul dead. The trouble with his death cry was that too many people had seen Paul alive, and it was the same old Paul, *walrus* (the word, according to the rumor, is supposed to stand for *dead*) or not.

It had even been printed earlier, in the student paper at Illinois University. But it was the publication of Fred La-Bour's detailed analysis in the University of Michigan daily that ignited the fire-works.

In brief, La-Bour's thesis was that if you listened to enough Beatles records slowed down and backwards and speeded-up, you would find several dozen interconnected clues—La-Bour's article, crammed with these clues, ran over one yard in length—that irrevocably told us that Paul had died in a car crash in 1966, and some other cat had taken his place. It was, somehow, the Beatles' gigantic little secret.

Russ Gibb, owner of Detroit's Grande Ballroom, was first to spread the rumor on the air, in his capacity as WKMR rock disc jockey. Further, he contacted several of the largest magazines (among them, *Look*) in an effort to hustle the story.

The amazing phone-in response Gibb got for his efforts inspired other Top Forty stations all over the Midwest, and then the country.

Bill Gavin, editor of the influential Top Forty newsletter, surveyed program directors of some two dozen top stations nationally and found that the large majority had (a) given the story serious news coverage, (b) let their disc jockeys carry on and on with it, including, in many cases, on-the-air telephone raps with listeners, and (c) done full-length "specials" on Paul's career, the rumors, and the tragedy of death for one so young and talented.

"The thing about this," Gavin noted, "is that it's got staying power. It's all based on clues, and they're all so elusive. It hangs on McCartney proving it's really him, and how can he manage that?" The point was that McCartney fans seemingly wanted to believe their man dead, and would do so no matter what.

Alex Bennett, who does a nighttime talk show on New York's WMCA, went to London and spent a weekend tracking down all sorts of people, among them Ringo (who wouldn't say much, seeing as how "No matter what I say, people won't believe it"), Beatles' publicist Derek Taylor, and Ian MacMillan, the photographer for the *Abbey Road* cover, which plays such an important part in the Paul/dead/walrus mythology.

There is, at the curb, a yellow Volkswagen behind the Beatles in MacMillan's photo, and its license plate is 28 IF. Rumor/death freaks have interpreted this code to mean that IF Paul hadn't died, he'd be 28 today, get it? 28 IF MacMillan told Bennett (and thereby his audience) that he'd tried to have the VW towed out of the picture, but hadn't been able to find a towtruck owner who was free to take on the gig. MacMillan thought the VW "aesthetically unpleasant."

As for Paul's bare feet—which are supposed to signify that he is risen from the grave—photographer MacMillan said McCartney had been going barefoot most of the summer, and had worn no shoes during *Abbey Road* recording sessions.

Bennett also located Paul's barber, who reported that there is a slight defect in the part in Paul's hair, that this flaw had been there long before 1966, that it was still there, that it had not changed.

—Continued on Page 54

THE SONS OF CHAMPLIN HAVE CHANGED THEIR NAME TO THE SONS.

*The forms which we create caress our minds
And they'll take us past this place which lives by time
And the forms we are creating today
Are the forms which we will be some day
And the good games are the flowers of our minds
Forever
I love you*



THE SONS SKAO-332
available on record and tape.

Diana Will Split Supremes -- Honest

DETROIT—Diana Ross has been reported leaving the Supremes for so long it's almost part of their act. But this time she's really leaving. Positively. For real.

Rumors of her departure circulated for about a year, but there was never any word from either Diana or her husband, Berry Gordy Jr., president of Motown Records.

"Who Will Replace Diana?" contests have run in the soul music papers for at least the past year (proposing such improbable stand-ins as Nancy Wilson and Odetta.).

Official word now has Diana cutting out by the end of January to go into a month of rehearsals for her solo nightclub act. Mary Wilson, meantime, will take over a lead vocalist, and the replacement Supreme will be Jean Terrell, sister of ex-heavyweight boxer Ernie Terrell.

Diana's debut as a single is set at the Monticello club in Framington, Massachusetts with an eleven-day gig beginning March 6th.

Both Diana and the new Supremes will continue to record for Motown.

The replacement singer, joining Mary Wilson and Cindy Birdsong, is making a Class C-to-the-majors jump. She formerly sang with Ernie Terrell and the Heavyweights, which the boxer ran as a sideline between bouts.

Diana's Dogs Offed: She Sues Casino

CHERRY HILL, New Jersey—Diana Ross, formerly of the Supremes, is suing the Latin Casino, the Philadelphia area's largest night club, for poisoning two pet dogs. Her suit for \$27,500 was filed recently in Newark and transferred to the U.S. District Court in Camden.

Diana, the dog-lover, charges that two of her favorite pets, a Yorkshire terrier and a Maltese poodle, ate cyanide tablets left by an exterminator in her dressing room while she was rehearsing for a two-week engagement last June 2nd.

Diana claims she was not warned about the presence of the tablets and became "mentally and physically sick" upon finding her canines' corpses.

She contends she was unable to complete her engagement since the other Supremes could not work without her (they have since learned to adapt), and consequently deserves to receive the \$27,500 her Latin Casino contract called for.

Byrds Are Gonna Be All Right

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES — "We're putt-putting along okay these days and if everything happens as we think it will, the Byrds might really begin to happen again."

This is Roger McGuinn's calm evaluation of where his band is at today and it seems to make good sense, considering all the projects presently on McGuinn's calendar. These include (besides release of the group's new album and a full schedule of weekend concerts) completion of a Broadway musical and the scoring of an off beat science fiction film.

The musical is what McGuinn calls "a cowboy adaptation" of *Peer Gynt* called *Gene Tryp*, with production planned for 1970, and the film, as yet untitled, features basically ad-lib roles by Flying Burrito Brother (and ex-Byrd) Gram Parsons and (ex-Mama) Michelle Gilliam.

McGuinn has written 26 songs for the musical so far—although not all will be used—while the book is now in its fourth and probably final draft.

"It isn't likely anyone will hear many of the songs before we open on Broadway—anywhere from this winter to next fall," McGuinn said. "Certainly we didn't use any of them on our new album, nor do we plan to record them in the near future. Perhaps in performance we'll do one every now and then, but if we recorded them, the material would be old by the time we reached the stage; then people would say we were using old album material in the musical."

The book's author, Jacques Levy, is known primarily as a stage director, responsible for New York productions of *America Hurrah* and *Scuba Duba* and

currently directing the San Francisco company of *Oh Calcutta!*

In the film, meanwhile, Parsons and Miss Gilliam portray two "intergalactic flower children" who travel in a flying mobile home. It was filmed at a recent convention of flying saucer enthusiasts about 100 miles into the desert from Los Angeles and utilizes 8 mm, 16 mm, 35mm, 70 mm Todd-A-O film and videotape. The film's director, Tony Foutz, is also co-producing the film with Douglas Trumbull, who created the "light show" effects for 2001: *A Space Odyssey*.

McGuinn said he definitely would record most if not all of the score on the Moog synthesizer. The Moog plays a role in the new Byrds album, *Easy Rider*, but it is an "incidental or subtle" one and thus the film would represent McGuinn's first major use of the "instrument."

"There it is," he said, waving an arm toward the black boxes lined up on a table in the living room. He smiled, seeming almost as proud of the Moog as he was of his three-day-old son (born October 25—name at that point still en route from Subud headquarters in the Orient). "I think I'm making real progress with the thing. I have most of the technical patching down, but what I should be doing is spending two or three hours a day with it, like I did when I was learning how to play the guitar."

"I like the album," he added. "It has more meat, it's more together, I thought *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* was a good album, but it was rather specialized. This one has more variety. Rock. Gospel. Songs by Woody Guthrie, Dylan, Pam Pollard, even Zeke Manners. There's some country, of course, but really country music was just a trip for me—something Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman got me into."

Even with all McGuinn's, and the Byrds' activity, still there were those who said continuing personnel changes were hampering the group's chance of a return to national prominence. In support of this position, they pointed to the most recent of these—the replacement of bassist John York with Skip Battin, who himself had gone through nearly two dozen bands since the time when he was half of Skip and Flip. McGuinn seemed unimpressed by this argument.

"We're working regularly," he said. "We're on the road 72 hours a week, working every weekend we want, for good money. We're getting standing ovations for the first time. We're tighter, more together. We're a much, much better band." He paused and smiled. "Everything usually works out for the best. It's all gonna be all right."



Diana Ross She's been replaced—but what about her dogs?

Elvis Booked for Astrosun in '70

LOS ANGELES—Elvis Presley is still king of the road. Early next year, in fact, he'll walk away from the Houston Astrodome with \$1 million for three day's work.

The Texas gig is being sandwiched in between two four-week stands at the International Hotel in Las Vegas, for which he is reported to be getting another two million. The first Vegas date begins January 26th, and the second will be in late summer.

Elvis received an estimated \$750,000 in cash and stock for his month-long stand at the International this summer. He drew 100,500 persons at a minimum of \$15 a person.

The Astrodome shows will be February 27th, 28th, and March 1st as part of the Houston Live Stock Show & Rodeo. Presley's reported guarantee is \$100,000 a show, plus percentage. The Astrodome holds up to 72,000 persons.

Presley, meanwhile, will soon have his first double-LP—called *From Memphis to Vegas*—released. One record was cut live during his month-long stand at the International this summer.

Songs include "Blue Suede Shoes," "Johnny B. Goode," "All Shook Up," "Are You Lonesome Tonight," "Hound Dog," "In the Ghetto," "Suspicious Minds," "Can't Help Falling in Love," and a medley of "Mystery Train" and "Tiger Man." The live version of "Suspicious Minds" runs about six minutes.

The Who & Their 45 Huge Speakers

NEW YORK—The Who brought 45 individual speakers to bear on the first full-scale live performance of their rock opera *Tommy* and played six standing room, teeth gnashing performances at the Fillmore East in New York, October 20-25.

For their efforts, they walked away with 70 percent of the \$75,000 gate. It was the first time ever that the Fillmore had been open during the week for a major group and the first time any group had played the theater for more than two consecutive days.

"It's my feeling," says Fillmore Managing Director, Kip Cohen, "that they

could have played for a month to sell-out audiences."

Not only were they drawing the rock crowd, but a lot of other music and theater people who had tuned in to *Tommy* through sources like Clive Barnes (drama critic of the New York Times) and felt they were going to see something familiar.

The Who's previous three Fillmore engagements had been downed—first time by riots, second by the assassination of Martin Luther King and the last time, when they did portions of the 2 1/2 hour opera, by a fire in the next door supermarket.

This time any such extra excitement probably would have brought the roof down on the audience, already pulverized by the overwhelming sound. It was the first time the Fillmore had allowed an act to use its own sound system and for all but the fanatics, it was too loud, too treble, and there was too much feedback.

For their next US tour, scheduled for February and March, the Who has its sights on arenas such as the Greek Theater in Los Angeles, where they can let it all blast out.

They will not, performing elsewhere in the United States, do the entire opera, but will do a truncated version of *Tommy* comprising about three-quarters of the original. That's about two hours worth.

Tommy Edwards Dies at 47

RICHMOND, Va.—Tommy Edwards, smooth-voiced ballad singer of the Fifties, died October 23rd at his home here. He was 47.

A native of Richmond, Edwards entered show business in the early Forties with a local twice-weekly radio show of "Piano and Patter." He went to New York and wrote tunes that were recorded by such artists as Red Foley and Tony Bennett.

Edwards had a hit with "It's All in the Game" for MGM in 1951; he re-recorded the tune in 1958 and sold more than 3 million copies. He was also known for songs like "Please Mr. Sun" and "Morning Side of the Mountain."

In recent years, Edwards had been doing gigs at small nightclubs around the U.S. and in Europe. He is survived by four sisters.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



Reprinted from the Woodstock Festival program book
on the occasion of this second anniversary of Rolling Stone.

CONFESSIONS OF A RECORD COMPANY EXEC

by STAN CORNYN | Director of Creative Services
Warner/Reprise Records

I have not always worked for a record company.

Once, during my otherwise uneventful youth, I cherished dreams of becoming something worthwhile and prestigious. Perhaps dictator of a Central American coffee republic.

At some point in my life (as I recall it, shortly after receiving my Second Class Boy Scout Badge) music seeped subtly into my life, leading me to The Turning Point...

I'd driven my mother's Plymouth down to a dance-hall (we called them that then, lacking, as we did, sophistication) in scenic Newport Beach, California, with the intention of standing so close to the bandstand on which Stan Kenton would be performing (with his orchestra) that he would perhaps gaze downward and become at least momentarily aware of this kid who lived and breathed Stan Kenton.

As the performance was about to begin he, Stan Kenton Himself, strode godlike to his position on the stand, managing somehow to step on my hand.

Kenton, godlike, bent down and apologized.

"Sorry," as I recall it, was his exact wording.

"It's an honor," I replied. One who is young and in love usually sounds fairly idiotic.

Which brings us willy-nilly to seven years later, at which time I wrote my first set of liner notes. For a Stan Kenton album, as the stars would have it. All of which is intended to provide some sort of clumsy transition to

Now, in a relatively high-up position in a large and commercially potent record company, I face charges of being greedy and mercenary and tasteless and exploitative and ruthless and all the other stuff someone in a relatively high-up position in a large and commercially potent record company is supposed to be. What's hopefully being gotten to is that

(1) America's record companies are not populated exclusively by tone-deaf jackasses who are Only In It For The Money - I don't mind being classified as a jackass every once in a while, preferably when I deserve to be so classified, but I do insist that at the very least I be given credit for being a jackass who is in it for the music too;

(2) the relation between moral degeneracy and being a record company executive is not necessarily so high as a few people on The Outside seem to believe;

and (3) to sum it up, there seem to be a number of misconceptions blowin' in the wind about what precisely a record company is supposed to do.

What really got me deep into this whole morbid subject was this letter I got from the highly-respected and reportedly nubile rock-critic Ellen Sander in response to my "Flower Child Put-Up or Shut-Up Offer" ad for Randy Newman (to refresh your memories, we offered to give away free at least a thousand of the Randy albums we couldn't sell away). Ellen, you see, was much uptightened by our adver-

tising of everything but what she wrote was the best album we had ever put out: Van Dyke Parks' *Song Cycle*.

Most certainly, I immediately wrote the dear lady. I pointed out that we had spent as much time and money hyping Van's album, which sold nearly not at all, as we had hyping the most recent Hendrix album, which sold. What continued to bug me was her thinly-disguised contempt. Like if you're not employed by a record company you've got every reason on earth to consider your own taste, judgment, and sensitivity endlessly superior to anyone who is.

So look. What I've tried to do here is give you some idea of the crap we on the flawed end have to go through. Also, to catalogue some of the bring-down situations, in which we inevitably wind up receiving what I refer to as "The You Pinch-Penny Establishment Fascist Mongoloid Aged Bastard Look." We get it from artists and record-buyers alike.

There are seven such bringdowns, give or take a few:

1. THE HYPER-HYPE

Sniffles the manager of Tuesday's new "supergroup." "Look, man, this is our first album, man, and what we gotta do, man, is promote the *shit* out of it, man. Are you hip? Like big ads in *Rolling Stone* and a triple-deluxe foldout cover and we put out six singles simultaneously. Can you dig it?"

Quite frankly, I don't, having seen that whole hype pulled a decade back with a new Detroit Sound called the Edsel.

Over-selling is as dopey a tactic as underselling. The late-great Moby Grape got probably the biggest hype in the history of the universe. They couldn't have lived up to all that advance hoopla if they'd come on stage with Christ on guitar and Coltrane on congas.

Those of us who still have some faith in the taste of the American record-buying public cling to a belief that no amount of ads, packaging tricks, posters, or ecstatic press releases are going to make you buy a piece of shit.

It's no fun 'tall listening to sharpie managers, man.

2. THE PSYCHEDELIA SYNDROME

Pseudo-Wes-Wilsonish posters stopped making it at least two years before 7-Up began offering them one for a quarter. And did you really dig Columbia Records informing you, under a picture of several freaks from various minority groups passing around a joint, that "They can't bust our music?" So my usual answer when a new killer underground acid blues rock group asks for mindblowing psychedelic ads and posters is, "No." Which ungraciousness a lot of them have difficulty relating to, I admit.

3. UNDERGROUND-PURITY, A DILEMMA OF OUR TIMES

I like the underground press. I like the *L.A. Free Press* and the *Village Voice* and *Fusion* and *Rolling Stone*

and occasionally *East Village Other* and a few of the others. What I have difficulty getting into is the argument that promoting an album through above-ground, let's say "establishment" channels, stigmatizes the whole affair.

Like it or not, though, for an album to help us pay our rent it's got to be bought by people on all parts of the ground. But then there's always the chance of someone straight buying a freak's album and subsequently being uplifted to the level of people who make these idiotic distinctions.

4. THE EPIC PRODUCTION SYNDROME I

"Well, we've got to release this seven-minute epic as a single, man. It's the only true representation of where we're at!"

Seven-minute singles, with the occasional exception of such silly rubbish as "MacArthur Park," don't get played. And we want our artists to get played, for their sakes as much as our own.

5. THE EPIC PRODUCTION SYNDROME II

Since *Sgt. Pepper* it's pretty much become the vogue to spend eight years and \$60,000 making an album. Which is fine if you're the Beatles or The Who, and what you're making is *Sgt. Pepper* or *Tommy*. If you're not, if you're the new The Group and you think all the nifty things modern recording technology can permit you to do is just "really far-out," chances are what you'll wind up with is a sizeable bill from your record company. Your record company makes a policy of saving all the receipts from the records it releases until they're paid back. Which is sometimes a shame, sometimes not.

Electronic masturbation, as we all know, is bad for the brain and sometimes even makes one sterile.

6. THE NEW DYLAN RUNAROUND

You'd be absolutely astounded to find out how many young acoustic-guitarists-and-singers there were living in the East Village in the mid '60's who have since found their way to our offices in Burbank to announce their availability should we ever want an artist who'll make the world forget Bob Dylan.

After 176 years in the music biz I've learned a little bit about how to spot someone who's going to be a gas one day.

First, I can't for the life of me figure out where he's at.

Second, after I can, I'm shocked when I realize that I'm getting into somebody who, prior to step two, utterly baffled me.

Like one evening in New York Reprise's big kahuna, Mo Ostin, led the way to The Scene, to hear a new act. And we were all just sitting, waiting, when this tall fellow wandered off the street and onto the floor. Opened a shopping bag, pulled out a uke. Sang real weird.

I couldn't figure out where he was at.

Ostin signed him.

AND FINALLY, 7. THE UNAPPRECIATED ART SHUCK.

My most considerate (and still unsolicited) piece of advice to record artists is to stop commiserating with themselves.

Other than for his own musical talents Van Dyke Parks earns my admiration for the fact that he was the person who first taught me to turn on. But I have a beef with Van.

His first remarkable album is still somewhat the commercial dud it was when I advertised it under the heading "How We Lost \$48,509 On The Album Of The Year." Van is, I gather, discouraged. About a year-and-a-half later, and he's still not gone into the recording studio to cut his next album.

Which personally pisses me off because I'd like to hear the next LP. If you're an artist, it's all right with me if you cut off your ear because you're not appreciated, but why stop painting?

This is a rough business, you know (blah blah). The record company has to create a separate advertising, merchandising, packaging, and promotional identity for its every album. Quaker Oats gets by doing that once a decade. We have to do it 150 times a year, putting out, as we do, that number of new albums annually. Under which circumstances it shouldn't be all that surprising that some albums and artists get missed, passed over, neglected, and forgotten. (Some of whom, of course, deserve to be, but don't ask which ones.)

Part of that neglect lies with the consumer. If enough people had demanded *Song Cycle* it wouldn't have disappeared from the marketplace, right?

But they didn't.

So what we in record companyland do, we who have made a \$30,000-plus gamble on Van's album and lost, is move ahead with stiff upper lips, trying not to take ourselves too seriously lest dread uptightness set in.

Recently this somewhat *con brio* nonchalance has plagued us at Warners. We have, trying to shake it, entered into a cooperative effort with our artists in a break-even series of albums called *Songbook* and *Record Show: Son Of Songbook* in an attempt to break through the glut of new stuff on the airwaves and in the racks. Such ploys as these non-profit ventures show, we hope, that our hearts are not always locked up in the Accounting Department.

Such efforts, too, are directed toward one end that I find unassailable: getting our good stuff a chance to be heard.

Getting a chance to be heard isn't always easy.

Cheers,
- Stan Cornyn

Shitkickers Love Johnny Cash

BY JOHN GRISSIM

NASHVILLE—It was supposed to be the Grand Ole Opry's 44th Anniversary, and the Country Music Association's third annual awards presentation, but it very nearly turned into a Johnny Cash Festival.

In addition to winning entertainer and male vocalist of the year, Cash walked off with honors for best single ("Boy Named Sue"), best album (*San Quentin*) and (along with wife June) best vocal group—for a total of five of the ten awards presented during televised proceedings here at the Opry's Reimer auditorium. In other news, Gene Autry became a member of the Hall of Fame, 8,000 shitkickers had a roaring good time, and Judy Lynn somewhere along the line sang "God Bless America."

This year, however, the DJ convention was not so much a new event as it was a ringside opportunity to observe the sociological highs and lows of the country music industry, which, at year's end, will have generated a record \$60 million in gross revenues.

The impact of big money on Nashville has meant new studios, new network television shows, new people and, paradoxically, a new snobbery and a growing alienation between hard-core country artists and the non-musical people who live off them.

All the regulars were here of course—not only jocks but small town hardware store owners, insurance salesmen, housewives, snuff queens (C&W groupies), and anyone who wanted badly enough to get close to singin' cowboys. They came from both coasts and places like Waco, Texas and Eugene, Oregon, as well as everywhere in the Midwest, the South, England (over 100), Japan and Canada—wearing "Hello-my-name-is" badges and eating banquet dinners: dry lettuce, cold chicken à la king, and warm sherbet.

They were joined this year (at arm's length) by Los Angeles PR types who have never heard of Lefty Frizzell and New York record execs who talked earnestly of "the honesty of country lyrics." Fashion ran the gamut from plastic high heels and spaghetti strap cocktail dresses to herringbone Edwardian suits; from Brooks Brothers to J. C. Penney. As conventions go, this one was funky, absurd and ceaselessly amusing.

While a foppish junior producer just before air time urged his Opry audience to "give everyone a warm Nashville-type welcome," country superstar Buck Owens walked off the show protesting the award he was asked to present wasn't important enough.

Miss Country Music USA, in charge of handing out the awards, confided before the show that she never used to like C&W "But, golly, I sure do now." (The bullet-shaped trophies looked like mahogany-veneered electric dildos.) For the record, Tammy Wynette won female vocalist of the year, while the remaining four went to RCA's Nashville Brass (instrumental group), Chet Atkins (instrumentalist), Archie Campbell (comedian) and writer Bob Fergusson (for "Carroll County Accident").

There were several grand entrances—an elegantly dressed Hank Locklin, wife and friends (drinks in hand) arrived at the Opry's movie-premier entrance, chauffeured by Kris Kristofferson in his junkpile '61 Opel ("Hell, we don't mind, we're jes' country people"). The next evening Jerry Lee Lewis pulled up to the CMA formal banquet at the Municipal auditorium and stepped out of his limousine wearing a black pinstripe suit, vest, regimental tie and spotless white PF tennis sneakers.

Moreover, hanging in the air over meetings, banquets, seminars and parties was the suspicion that the non-artist big wigs and professional boosters don't want to get too close to cornball little people, visions of "hill-billy" dancing in their hypocritical beads.

If it wasn't that, it was politics. A case in point was the most oft-mentioned artist of the convention—Merle Haggard. Next to Cash (who is his own category), Haggard is considered among artists and musicians to be the best writer-performer in the business. He's been runner-up to everything for three years straight—but he's from the West Coast and (unlike Glen Campbell) does not yet have a network show to compensate.



She never cared for country music before, but golly...

Reportedly, CMA officials tried to correct the slight by inviting Haggard to perform at the banquet but he turned down the last minute invitation. His absence from the festivities was an embarrassment to the Country Music Association.

Supposedly, winners are selected by ballot elimination among CMA members, but it would seem more than coincidence that Nashville's two largest stockholders—Columbia and RCA—swept all ten awards. This may be one reason why the competing West Coast version of the CMA—the Academy of Country and Western Music—is angling for its own hour-long awards special on CBS next year.

To be sure, this East-West rivalry, as ridiculous as it is, is non-existent among the artists and producers who actually make the music. Yet a developing quarrel between two booster organizations has already cast a dark cloud over yonder. It'd be a shame to see it rain.

Bonzo Dog Runs, Fucks Itself

BY LORRAINE ALTERMAN

NEW YORK—The Bonzo Dog Band, bitter over what they felt was shoddy treatment by their American record company, cut their second U. S. tour two weeks short and headed for England and home. In so doing, they blew a scheduled appearance on the national *Music Scene* TV show, plus major gigs in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Detroit.

Money was part of the problem, according to Stanshall. The group, before leaving England, had scheduled dates in the U. S. that added up to a total of \$25,000 in revenue. Out of that they could have paid their travelling expenses.

"We didn't expect to make much money this time since it was mostly to get us known," said Smith. Stanshall said that they were breaking even financially at the time they departed and were afraid of losing money if they stayed any longer.

In addition to the money, Stanshall said that they had been promised adequate promotion by Imperial. But when they found: (1) their dates changed; (2) prices changed from what the contracts they received in England said; (3) their albums not in stores in the cities where they did appear during the first three weeks of the tour.

Noted for their zany comedy and satiric songs, the Bonzo have three Im-

perial albums released here: *Gorilla*, *Urban Spaceman* and *Tadpole*. Although they met with enthusiastic audience response during their first three weeks in the U.S., the problems they encountered wore them down so much that by their Fillmore East date, their comedy routines fell flat.

"We're going home," said Stanshall, "because we want to do what we consider is our main purpose which is to write, record and perform. That's what we're interested in. We're not interested in becoming sort of commodities to be bartered about by leeches in any country. Who needs it?"

The last push came when Bonzo Roger Ruskin-Spear found out shortly before their October 18 show at the Fillmore East that his wife was seriously ill in England. His family had been trying to contact him for four days. No messages had reached him at his hotel or through Premier Talent, the booking agency which set up the tour. He decided to fly home immediately and the rest of the band followed.

"If we all weren't so depressed," said Vivian, "we might have stayed. If the record company had sufficient interest, they might have paid for Roger to go back to England and then rejoin us here later. But the attitude of the rest of the band was: 'Isn't this ridiculous? We're wasting our lives. We've just been wrecked.' And they went back."

Both the record company and the booking agency discounted Stanshall's charges. Marty Hoffman, director of publicity for United Artists which distributes Imperial, said: "A lot of the British groups expect record companies here to be like those in England and act as managers, babysitters and booking agents. We don't do that. Our job is to distribute and promote the records. Imperial didn't bring the group over here."

Hoffman said that United Artists did buy newspaper advertising and FM radio spots in the cities where the Bonzo played. Also, the company's branches were alerted to the appearances and attempts were made to get display space and Bonzo albums in stock in the stores. "But," said Hoffman, "we don't put the records in the stores. We sell records to stores and you can't force a product down their throats."

The United Artists publicist, Mary Graefinger, who worked closely with the Bonzo in New York said: "A lot of record stores didn't want to stock the Bonzo album because they are not a big group. They really hurt themselves a lot by not going to Los Angeles to do the television show."

"I think they're crazy for going home," said Frank Barsalona, president

of Premier Talent. "I do resent what Vivian Stanshall is saying. We've worked very hard on them."

Barsalona added that most British groups do lose money on their first few tours, but that these tours are investments in the future.

"These English acts read inflated reports in the British music trade papers that a lot of money is being made in America," he said. "A group like the Bonzo who is not familiar with the touring scene here comes hoping to make all the money in the world."

Premier meanwhile is working on another tour for the Bonzos in March.

Stanshall, however, doubted that they would return. "We are not coming back until we have something we can trust. We had thought, OK, you must do a couple of tours because the people don't know us. Then by the third tour if the promotion is up to scratch and the people like us and we're any good, then we can do three days in theatres in key towns where we can do a full show. We've got two to three hour operettas and plays. We want to do them where people are not screwed when they come in. We would charge a reasonable price for a seat and people could be comfortably seated and see. We could give our best and this is what we want to do."

Smith said that if they did come back it would be to do their full-length "Brain Opera" which they plan to record in January. They would bring over extra musicians for the show.

On the Bonzo Dog's last U.S. tour last spring, they lost \$24,000. "When we got back to England," Stanshall notes, "we had to work our balls off for three months doing boring, pointless work in clubs, taking anything we could to get us back in the black again. It was a miracle the band stayed together..."

Stanshall believes the failures of the record company and booking agency are "all part of the big myth that you can bring in these people and you sort of put them on the road for nine months. After that, if they're still able to stand and have got any talent left in them at all, then you plow a lot of money into them which includes calling them 'heavy progressive' or whatever goes at the moment."

Many groups got involved in this rat race but the Bonzo are unique in actively protesting it. "For one reason or another it takes a long time to actually question what you're doing," said Stanshall. "We were always broke and in debt in England because the worse things got, the better we liked it. It was like being in a fun fair and watching all these incredible things happen to you with ignoramus controlling your life. We signed contracts when we knew the blokes were fools because we thought, it's great. It's incredible."

"Then six months ago, when it became obvious that it was affecting not our output but our work and what kind of people we are, we went through this period. We were sitting in a car and looking out the window and thinking, 'My God, what have I become? What am I doing?'"

Stanshall knew what he was risking by leaving. He could hardly believe they were doing it. "I mean there's a good chance we won't get into the country again and we're turning down national television. We're going to disappoint people we enjoy playing to, which is all terrible."

Bad Subterranean Hassles No. 23 & 20

LONDON—These are hard times for underground press throughout the English-speaking world (and elsewhere: at Pyongyang, Kin Chul Lok, editor of a South Korean underground paper called Blood of Youth was sentenced to death for "attempting to overthrow the government"). Here in London, police staged a raid on Oz magazine October 27, and did so with uncommon gusto.

The issue was homosexuality. Oz editor Richard Neville, who feels this may well be the beginning of a great storm—what with the British Home Secretary campaigning for re-election on a sweeping "law and order at home, respect abroad" platform—sends this report:

Two detectives from Scotland Yard, armed with a search warrant, led the most recent raid on Oz. People not connected with Oz were asked by police to leave the premises, and the secretary—blonde, pneumatic and nubile—was interrogated. —Continued on Page 16

...every man shall eat in safety
under his own vine what he plants;
and sing
the merry songs of peace
to all his neighbors. *Shakespeare*



—Continued from Page 14

Police were anxious to discover any publishing details in connection with Oz 23—the "homosexual issue" which pictured as its front cover a naked black boy kissing a naked white boy. The issue contained mouth-watering extracts from Angelo d'Arcangelo's *Homosexual Handbook* and the usual Oz pastiche of pop, porn and pot.

It is thought that the police were provoked not so much by the content of the issue as by the fact that the embracing pair were both male and one of them was black. The search warrant was issued under the Obscene and Indecent Publications Act and the police confiscated company files relating to distribution, binding and printing.

The issue itself had completely sold out and police were unable to obtain any copies.

Within a few hours of the raid, police from another branch of the CID contacted Oz in connection with Oz 20—the London's Hells Angels issue. Again, it was the cover which aroused police—a Hells Angel leader and his chick naked from the waist up. There were more photos of them inside, fucking and cunnilingus.

To the surprise of everyone—except perhaps the Hells Angels—the girl turned out to be 13 years old.

• In New York, Rat was raided by ten policemen who, exceeding the authority of their search warrant, searched for "secret" documents. This followed a Rat report on the bombing of the Marine Midland Grace Trust office, which contained the inside information that it had been an act of political sabotage done by "revolutionary" guerrilla forces.

• At the Los Angeles Free Press, editor Art Kunkin, writer Jerry Applebaum, and the Free Press itself are up for a hearing this week (November 7th) on charges by a grand jury of receiving stolen property (the Attorney General's list of state narcotics and their home addresses and phones). Meanwhile, Jerry Reznick, who's charged with stealing government records and giving the list to the paper, was busted last week on charges of refusing to submit to induction into the Army.

• And in Vancouver, British Columbia, the news ranges from good to bad for the Georgia Straight and its editor, Dan McLeod. The good news is that three charges against the paper, in its long and unpleasant journey through the local courts, were dropped. A cartoon, an article and an advertisement (concerning "muffdiving") were ruled not to be obscene.

The bad news is that the paper and McLeod as its editor have been found guilty of "counselling a person to commit a criminal offense"—namely, cultivating marijuana. A fine of \$1500 was imposed on the paper, and McLeod was given a choice of 25 days in the slam or \$500 in fines. Informed that a stiff fine could shut down the Straight, the Provincial Judge did so anyway, because "even freedom of the press has its limitations."



"Few proposals," says the nationwide Gallup Poll, "have been so overwhelmingly unpopular as the proposal to legalize the use of marijuana." Eighty-four percent of the American people, according to Gallup, oppose legalization. There are some differences according to age. People 50 years and older are 91 percent against. Between 21 and 29 years of age, it's 69 percent against, 26 percent for, five percent who've got no opinion. Most common anti-dope sentiments were that it does harm to the mind and the nervous system, and leads to stronger stuff. Though there is currently some activity in Washington in the direction of liberal-



SAFETY

izing grass laws, politicians read the Gallup Poll, and many have doubtless deduced that the time is not yet ripe to start talking about legalization. . . . Gallup further finds that out of a hundred people in their 20s, a dozen say they have tried marijuana. (The national overall percentage is four out of 100.) Gallup estimates some 10 million Americans have smoked—and adds that another five million adults would do so if somebody offered them a joint. Poll further shows nearly twice as many dope smokers in the West than in the East—and about twice the number of smokers in the East than in either the South or the Midwest. . . . Former head of the Food and Drug Administration, James L. Goddard, says there's 12 million marijuana users in the country, and, while he thinks legalization should wait until full scientific knowledge is in on the effects of pot, favors easing the laws, which are, as Goddard puts it, "unenforceable, excessively severe, scientifically incorrect and revealing of our ignorance of human behavior." . . . Another vote for pot came from the noted anthropologist Margaret Mead, 67, who's spent a lifetime studying primitive cultures, including our own. Stuff anti-pot laws are causing much more social strife than Prohibition did in the 1920s, she told a Senate committee in Washington. Since grass "doesn't have the toxic effect that cigarettes have" and is milder than liquor, she thinks its use should be permitted at an earlier age than tobacco and alcohol. Marijuana should be legalized, she went on, for anyone over 16. Drinking and voting ages should match the draft age. "Marijuana is not harmful unless it is taken in enormous and excessive amounts," said Dr. Mead. "We are damaging our nation, damaging our laws, damaging the relationship between young and old. . . . It is a new form of tyranny by the old over the young."

A Letter From The Editor

Last year at this time, I was writing a few retrospective remarks on our first anniversary issue—with John & Yoko's *Two Virgins* picture on the cover—and came to the following conclusion: "Print a Famous Foreskin and the World Will Beat a Path to Your Door." I find that to be no less true today.

February brought the Groupie Issue. It was originally Baron's idea, and we had planned to do it for the Christmas

1968 issue, but things being as they were, we barely got it finished in time for February. We sit in our little offices upstairs at Brannan Street fairly removed from "the world." Where we come from, you know, everyone had already heard of groupies, and this was just sort of one of the things on the scene.

Right after the issue came out, Janie and I went to New York, for a little business and pleasure. New York is "the world," and for the first time, "the world" was finding out about Groupies. For a few girls and some very jive record business people, this was the start of the Groupie Industry, and for ROLLING STONE, it was an unintended contact with "the big time."

I was really knocked out by the widespread admiration and amazement about the groupie piece. This admiration spread to Time Magazine, which, I found out just a week after the issue was on the stands, was planning to steal our story on groupies, without any credit whatsoever, for their next issue.

I got pissed off, you know, 'cause I thought that Time Magazine should do a stock about us. We had to do something, and something turned out to be a full page ad on the back page of the New York Times about the Groupie issue and about ROLLING STONE. (If you are interested in seeing it, write me and I'll send you a copy of it.)

The ad appeared on the day of the worst snow storm to hit New York City in seven years. Baron and I (Janie had already returned to California) bought a bottle of champagne and got drunk. Time did their story on groupies—in the same issue they also did a story on the discovery of Johnny Winter, giving credit anonymously—to "one of the underground papers." Two months later, Time did a story on us.

(About Mr. Winter, one of our writers from Texas, Larry Sepulvado, wrote about him for us. We used a big picture of him because it was one of the weirdest faces we had seen in a while. We didn't expect all that to happen. But it did. We haven't heard much from Mr. Winter since he struck gold, although Ronnie Hawkins—who was also in obscurity until we did a big piece on him and then landed up with a record contract equal to Winter's—not only sent us a beautiful letter of thanks, but also a signed union contract for a free gig anytime we ever wanted to present a concert in San Francisco.)

Newsweek did a story on us the same week that Time did. These stories were all written just after Eye folded. So you

can imagine that we all felt very righteous and self-satisfied.

This Time Magazine story did a weird thing, because in "the world," Time Magazine is the real thing, the most important printed voice of legitimacy in this country. Time is the kind of thing you find in dentists' offices. When Boz and I were flying down to Muscle Shoals, I saw the copy of Time with the story in it, and I showed it to the stewardess. Anyway, it made a nice clipping to send to the advertisers and a lot more people began taking us seriously.

For a while, we almost began to believe what was being said about us, and did two things rather hastily, which have finally caught up with us. We acquired a nearly bankrupt small magazine in New York (Scenes) and pumped money and talent into it. Finally, after getting rid of the old editor, it began to show itself as a potentially fine little publication, and one that might have even made money, but because we leapt before looking, have had to bail out of it and cut it adrift.

We also somewhat hastily opened an office in London, with the financial backing of Mick Jagger. Again, we acted too hastily and it ended up that neither Mick nor I were there to supervise, and we just recently cut the operation down to a much smaller staff, and temporarily ceased publication of a separate regional edition, although the regular ROLLING STONE is still being published in London.

Our main business, and the thing it turns out we're best at, is ROLLING STONE and rock and roll music.

I took a month off in the spring to work with Boz Scaggs, who had quit the Steve Miller Band, on his new LP. Janie and I got to be very close friends with Boz when he moved in across the street from us. Producing Boz's first album was a natural offshoot of that. It was a tremendously educational experience—and a total gas. The musicians were incredible, Boz was beautiful. If you have been digging what we've been up to on these pages, I think you'll also dig Boz's album. I think it's fine, and highly recommend it. It's difficult at any one time to recall all the trips we've been on in the past two years, but by and large they have been good ones and they have been fun. Our offices (once described by Dun and Bradstreet as "a loft in normal housekeeping"), have tripled in size since we first started, now boasting a mailroom and a very efficient art and production department, a very pretty subscription department, and all the paraphernalia. Smokestack El Ropo still keeps us in good spirits when the composing room refuses to come through with the type on time. In essence, the place is pretty much the same.

We've added the Straight Arrow Publishers' logo to our household, and we hope to have that popping up in a few places. With this issue, we are putting on a fairly big promotion campaign to get more readers (numbering over 80,000 at last count).

Rock and Roll is a thing with great potential and power. In the last year this energy has flashed with power at Woodstock, but in so many other areas has diffused and scattered.

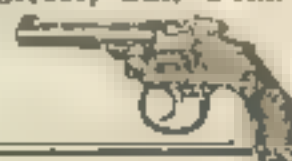
ROLLING STONE is waiting along at a nice little clip. This country is also waiting along at a nice little clip on the road to destruction. If there is any hope left, I think that before the next two years are out, the culture we represent will make a serious effort at and succeed in taking for itself the political power it represents.

If there happens to be a third anniversary letter from the editor, I hope much of it is about that.

—JANN WENNER

Business Manager At Rolling Stone?

ROLLING STONE is looking for someone to become its full-time Business Manager. Sound appealing? You have to write nasty letters to unpaid advertisers and be able to keep books of account, a general ledger and related accounting things. We would definitely dig someone with a degree in accounting and the ability to make decisions on money spending. It's a full-time gig in San Francisco. Please send a letter or resume (do not call) to: Gretchen Horton, ROLLING STONE, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.



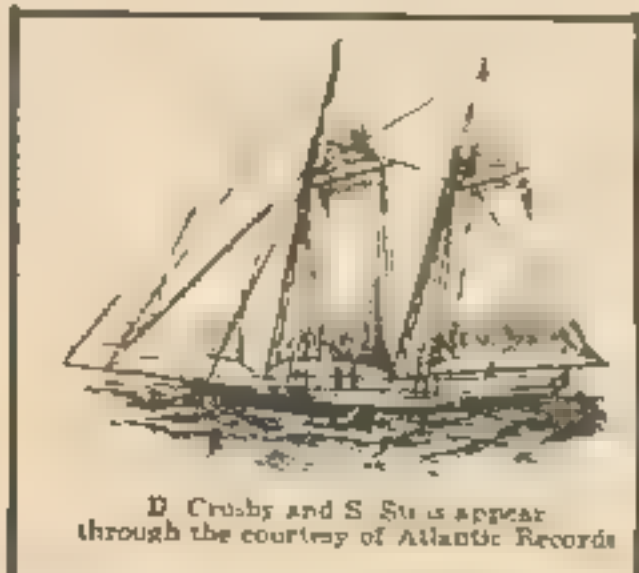
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J. Garcia appears through the courtesy of Warner Bros. Seven Arts Records, Inc.



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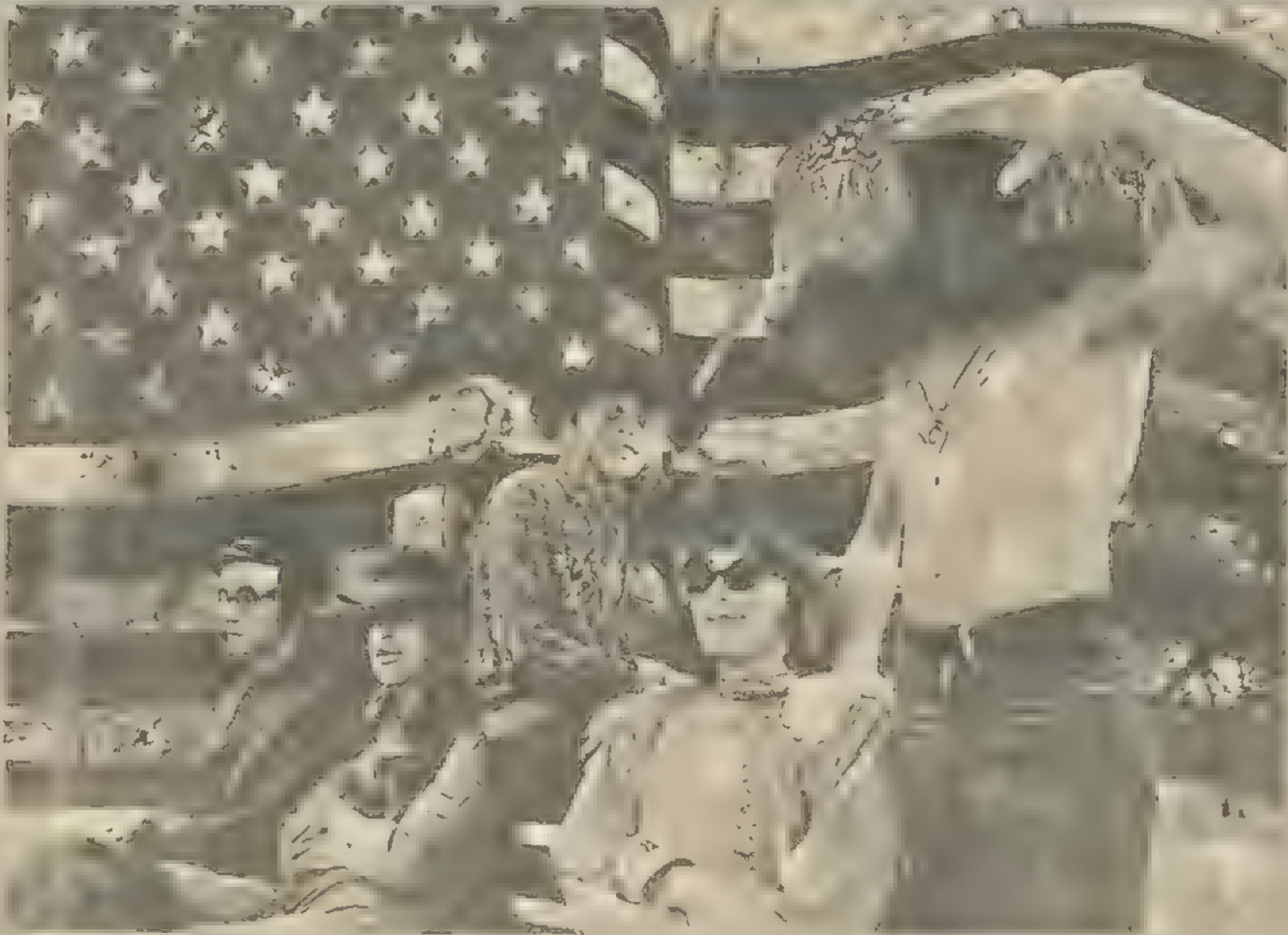


D. Crosby and S. Su appear through the courtesy of Atlantic Records

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VICTOR
STEREO

VOLUNTEERS



DATELINE PAZ—JEFFERSON AIRPLANE as they appeared at the exciting Paz Chin-In held this weekend in Paz, South Dakota. After this picture was snapped, the group donned jocular facial things and mingled with the crowd on hand, estimated by reliable sources at four billion.

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JEFF LOWENTHAL



Muddy Waters: 'I ain't dying, but I ain't feeling so good'

The Festival and Decline of Folk

BY JOHN LOMBARDI

SCHWENKSVILLE, Pa.—It's hard to make projections from a place as sequestered as Schwenksville, but the recent eighth annual Philadelphia Folk Festival seemed to portend a couple of minor "truths" about current folk music trends.

First, the ambience of the early Sixties folk revival is definitely gone. The fact that old timers like Roy, Gary Davis, Bill Monroe, Doc Watson and Jean Redpath—all of whom were present at Philadelphia—are still out there working shouldn't reassure any aging folkies that the "spirit of the acoustic guitar" is making any kind of comeback. The traditionalists will go on forever, working the summer festivals whenever possible and picking up enough bread from faithful record buyers to sustain them, but the vital youthful attention that put the fire back in Doc Watson's fingers is missing. And its absence has an obvious effect on performance. (Blind Gary spent a good part of his set night plugging his guitar-teaching business on Long Island and musing on the possibility of his not being around for next year's festival, Doc Watson and his son Merle looked ragged on stage and later in the performers' tent seemed more concerned with transportation arrangements to get them back to the mountains than with the country-picking workshops scheduled for the next afternoon.)

Secondly, the kids that made the 40-mile trip from Philly and its suburbs out to the old Poole farm in Upper Salford Township were subdued, compared with audiences at other festivals held this summer or even with former Philadelphia shows. By and large, they weren't the kids who went to Woodstock. Neither were the crowds at the Newport Folk Festival. If all the talk we've heard about "eclecticism" and a new pop sophistication that will include appreciation of a fusion of rock, folk, jazz and classical is true, some of them, at least, should have been.

Which brings up the matter of organization. In Newport, at least, the three-day concert series was programmed. There was a blues crowd on Saturday afternoon and they got undiluted (if meager) servings of Muddy Waters, Big Mama Thornton, Son House, etc. The progressive folk fans who showed up Sunday got Van Morrison, James Taylor, the Pentangle and Steve Young, among others. The latter names are the hope of the music that has been labeled "folk," in that they are young, serious (when necessary), musically astute and therefore relevant. At Schwenksville, Theodore Bikel was followed by Dave Van

Ronk. That kind of thing kept happening, and since the sets were as short as Newport and none of the exciting "second generation" folk performers were present—with the exception of the incredible String Band—not even the abbreviated musical highs of Newport were possible.

Inside Pat Sky's old fans, like Pat a little heavier now, cheered his stuff determinedly and laughed at his clowning. "We're gonna do some old songs 'cause we don't know any new ones," Pat joked hollowly on Friday night. Tom Rush, who always had a sense of currency unusual among folk performers, appeared in a leather Edwardian jacket on Sunday. He'd grown a mustache and somehow his hair looked curly and bushy, but his songs, even with the spare, modern accompaniment of Jim Bratwell on bass and Fred Beech on guitar, were the same. Van Ronk was only adequate, his Malthusian humor sparking the crowd a little. Eric Andersen, his superstar cheekbones nearly covered with a post-Easy Rider Peter Fonda beard, adhered to his usual derivative cliché: "His eyes are filled with sorrow/his head is in his hands/that's the sign of a desperate man."

The most successful acts were the Sir Douglas Quintet, a country-rock band from Texas that can instill old songs like "I'm In the Jailhouse Now" and "Miller's Cave" with the same life that made their "Mendocino" an AM radio hit; and Sweet Savin' Chuin, a former Philadelphia blues band that is now doing a kind of 1970's Spike Jones act. Both were electric.

Muddy Waters and Hedge and Donna didn't show up.

Talking about it later, producer Lew Linel was happy about his 20,000 attendance figure and his \$20,000 profit, and seemed content that next year the situation would improve.

"There is a renewed interest in folk music," he said, "not a trace of irony in his voice."

War Declared on Hallandale, Fla.

LOS ANGELES—Promoters of last year's Miami Pop Festival, unhappy because they were denied a permit to do it again this year, are calling the Commissioners of Hallandale, Florida "undemocratic," "arbitrary isolationists" and enemies of the younger generation.

The name-calling—to be followed possibly by legal action—came in an angry letter to the Commission from Arena Associates in Los Angeles. Cancellation of their permit to hold the festival—which had been granted earlier in the year—came within 48 hours of the first newspaper stories about Woodstock.

"Until now we have kept our silence

while hoping, perhaps altruistically, that good sense and reason would prevail," Arena said in its October letter. "Such has not been the case. In spite of our repeated attempts to be placed on the Commission's agenda we have been denied the right to present our case in behalf of a 1969 Miami Pop Festival. In fact, as of this moment, we have not been told why the license was revoked."

"Now, then, is the time to set the record straight; the media and the public should be made aware of the undemocratic treatment given not only our organization but pop music fans of all ages..."

With these words Tom Rounds, the festival's producer, closed the "cover letter" he sent. In a longer letter, written at the same time, Rounds made the first one seem almost friendly.

"We are astonished that any community in America would currently pursue a policy that amounts to arbitrary isolationism," he said in the opening paragraph. "Your recent actions concerning the Miami Pop Festival indicate that your next major appropriation of funds in the City of Hallandale would finance the construction of a high barbed wire fence complete with machine gun emplacements and checkpoints on Federal Highway, Hallandale Beach Boulevard and Dine Highway to exclude 'undesirables' from your city."

Building to a climax three pages later: "Last year's Miami Pop Festival was a celebration of many of the higher spiritual values inherent in the younger generation. By shutting the festival out of Hallandale... you are rejecting and invalidating these values."

"You Commissioners have drawn a new battle line. We wonder if you are equipped to outlast... or outlive... a different and dynamic younger generation that is demanding its rightful place in our society."

Rounds said the city commission hadn't answered the letter and because of the language he chose to use, he said he didn't really expect them to.

"I'm pissed off about their not giving us a chance to talk, their refusing to hear our side," he said. "They didn't even notify us they were going to reconsider the license. These people merely read the morning paper and cancelled us. It's like there's a soccer riot in Peru, so what you do is ban the next soccer game at the local high school. Woodstock was run by amateurs. The festival we put on last year proved we knew what we were doing."

Rounds also admitted he may have been influenced by expected revenue loss. With the film rights already sold and an anticipated attendance in excess of 100,000, he said Arena stood a good chance of making as much as \$350,000 in profit—if the commissioners hadn't gotten so uppity.

Rounds said Arena was not currently looking for another site.

Car Crash Puts Muddy in Hospital

URBANA, Illinois — Muddy Waters, the most celebrated exponent of Chicago-style blues, was seriously injured in an automobile crash that took three lives in nearby Champagne on October 27. At Carle Hospital here, doctors reported that Muddy had broken three ribs, and, more seriously, his pelvis.

Surgery was performed almost immediately on the 54-year-old bluesman to put the pieces back together and emplace a pin in his hip to hold it in place. Waters was on the operating table nearly three hours. The first day, his condition was described as "fair."

Four days later, Muddy (real name: McKinley Morganfield) was feeling better, but that was far from perfect. "I ain't dying," he said, "but I ain't feeling so good."

It will be three months before he is able to perform in public again.

Waters had just barely seen the car that hit the car he was riding in. "It just came at us over the line and that was it. I think maybe the guy driving that car was playing around with his girl." The driver and a young lady passenger in his car died.

An Illinois state trooper said the other car had swerved off the road onto the shoulder, then veered into the station wagon Muddy was in, killing its driver, a friend named James Warren. Injured with Waters were James Madison, 33, a guitar player, and Joe Pinetop Perkins, 56, pianist in Waters' band. Not badly hurt, Perkins and Madison were released from the hospital after two days.

Auto accidents are a hazard of the profession for travelling bluesmen, and Muddy Waters has been a few. But this was the first time he'd been seriously banged up.

Asked whether he had any particular plans for how he would spend his seven or eight weeks' recuperation time in bed, Muddy laughed despite himself. "I hurt so bad right now," he said, "I'm not thinking about no plans."

His hands were not hurt, fortunately, and in a few days he figures he'll get back to his guitar. He's in room 480, and a get-well note — c/o Muddy Waters, Carle Hospital, Urbana, Illinois—could n't do any harm.

Freaky, Yes— Crazy, No

MIAMI—Hippie beliefs and practices may appall and disgust parents and may lead hippies to lives of "waste and degradation," reports Psychiatric News, but they are not *per se* evidence of insanity, a U.S. Court of Appeals ruled recently. The Court reversed a lower court's order committing a young man to a mental hospital primarily because of his unorthodox beliefs.

The mother of the 26-year-old man petitioned a Florida court to find her son incompetent following an altercation. Testimony at the sanity hearing indicated that the subject's beliefs about "love and nonviolence," his atheism, and personal conduct brought him into conflict with his father. In addition, the subject fathered an illegitimate child, and resented his parents' attitude toward it. The court found him to be incompetent.

The Court of Appeals noted that the petitioner has "adopted a way of life which caused him to entertain philosophies and beliefs foreign to his parents. He lived the life of a 'hippie' . . . in the sincere belief that his way of life was preferable to that of his parents and the great majority of those comprising our society."

Yet, it ruled, the "offensive, embarrassing, and objectionable" component of his behavior, however burdensome to the parents, "does not necessarily indicate mental incompetence, nor does it justify confining him in a mental institution primarily in order to alleviate the financial drain upon his parents and the embarrassment he is causing them."

The court ordered him released, noting that while the appellant's mother "was motivated by a sincere desire to save the appellant from a life of waste and degradation, and, by medical treatment, to have him restored as a useful member of society . . . the weight of evidence militates against the conclusion that he is legally insane."

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Feds' Dope Circus: 'How Much LSD Do You Take To Be Addicted?'

BY BEN FONG TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO — The House of Representatives' Select Committee on Crime came to town to conduct four days of hearings last month on "youth crime, drugs and the field of law enforcement," in the words of 69-year-old chairman Claude Pepper. But it was more than that. The hearing, with its 25 scheduled witnesses, was in fact, a dope exposition.

There were slide shows on the farming and marketing of cannabis—an *Anatomy of a Joint*, so to speak—and photos of raided acid labs; there were courtroom displays of such items as a vial of \$15,000 worth of LSD (enough for 6,000 doses), portable pill-tabletting machines (able to churn out 200 pills a minute), and 13 barrels of seized amphetamines (total: 12 million tabs.)

And there were acts like Art Linkletter (well-known father of Diane Linkletter), Dr. Alexander Shulgin, chemist best known as "The Father of STP," and several bands of narcs, ex-dope dealers, and major drug manufacturers. There was a lot of information—and, as expected, a lot of ignorance—dispensed and displayed.

The festival ran full eight-hour days at the Federal Building, on Thursday and Friday, October 23rd and 24th, and half-days Saturday and Monday. The hearings were open, so on each day, about 100 assorted people filed past the guards at the doorways on the 19th floor of the government building.

They included a number of winos off the streets and others, "regulars," maybe, who use court sessions as free TV. But most of the audience were middle-class, middle-aged, "concerned citizens," a couple dozen obvious heads interested in what the Man was up to, and a group of ten Third World kids each day from a free-form local school called Opportunity High.

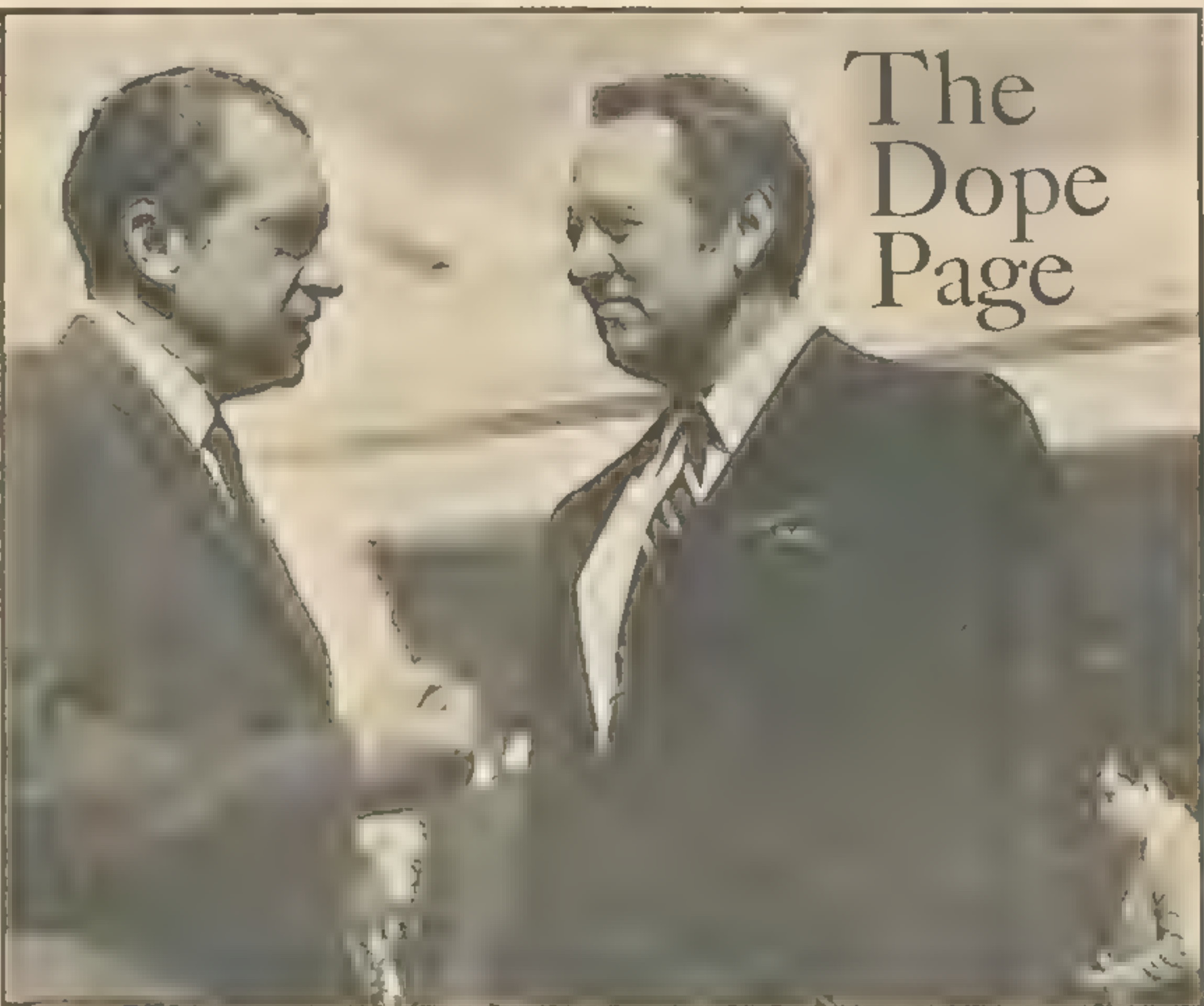
And despite the officious air, they were, indeed, an audience, sighing audibly at South Carolina Republican Albert Watson, a salty combination of Agnew dullness, Wallace oratory, and Reagan narrow-mindedness. At one point, when the vial of LSD was passed among the committee (for inspection only), it was mentioned that the ingredients could make 6,000 doses of acid. Watson asked, dead seriously, "How much LSD does one have to take to be addicted?" And Pepper, a pinkish, Georgie Jessel look alike from Florida, asked for an estimate on "how many deaths would it result in?"

Watson, Pepper, and their three colleagues, including two lawmakers from California, have conducted crime hearings in three other cities—Washington, Boston, and Omaha. The committee, put together by the House in May, will make suggestions for laws and other means of dealing with drug abuse and the trafficking of dangerous drugs.

And while the committee is nowhere close to suggesting the legalization of marijuana, chairman Pepper hinted, after the hearings, that the consensus favors new laws softening "unrealistic" penalties for drug possession.

"Experts told us drug use, including marijuana, must be dealt with as a crime—with appropriate penalties," he said. "But the most important thing is treatment and rehabilitation." Pepper strongly agreed with one witness, Dr. Roger Smith (who opened and operated a drug abuse clinic at the Haight-Ashbury Medical Center) who described lack of government funding for community-based, community-run treatment clinics. Congressman Pepper said the committee will ask the U.S. to spend \$1 billion for such clinics, for fighting juvenile delinquency, and for new law enforcement and correctional programs. He wouldn't say how much for which purposes.

A surprising number of witnesses attacked drug laws. Dr. Ellis D. Sox, the San Francisco health director who led the blitz into the Haight in the summer of 1966, said that marijuana possession "shouldn't be a felony." He called for a "redirection of our punitive attitudes." Anthony Roccogrande, a young, medium-sideburned attorney from the Office of



Art Linkletter (right) proposes a debate between the Beatles and Richard M. Nixon (left).

Dangerous Drugs in Washington, stumbled for words to say, "In my opinion—personally speaking—I think the laws for marijuana are unfair." Even Art Linkletter carefully placed cannabis aside while he vented his considerable wrath on LSD and hard drugs.

And while the committee seems heavily weighted towards the repressive and reactionary, the word may just have gotten through. Congressman Jerome Waldie, a level-voiced Democrat from Antioch, Calif., said the committee would probably endorse President Nixon's suggestion of making first-offense possession of grass a misdemeanor.

Waldie himself wants more thorough research on cannabis—"something like the Surgeon General's report on cigarettes," he said. For now, "I approve of not stigmatizing a kid for the rest of his life for simple marijuana possession. I'd believe that the first offense should be a misdemeanor, with subsequent offenses open to option."

Back in the courtroom, the witness who brought out the most TV cameras—Art Linkletter—delivered an amazing rap, calling Dr. Timothy Leary ("and others who speak highly of LSD") "among the murderers of my daughter" and the Beatles "a terrible, terrible example for youth."

The Beatles, he said, were "one of the worst offenders" of drug abuse because "they've sold so many records, and they include mention of drug trips in just about every song they do."

Linkletter also hit out at Top 40 radio, disc-jockeys, and rock bands.

"In the Top 40," the long-time TV personality said, "half the songs are secret messages to the teen world to drop out, turn on, and groove with chemicals and light shows at discotheques. Most of the jackets of record albums are merely signboards of psychedelia."

"Our record companies and deejays and bands have—both wittingly and unwittingly—been disciples of the spreading of this subculture to young people."

Linkletter, whose own teen-oriented anti-dope single "We Love You, Call Collect," b/w "Dear Mom and Dad," appears headed for the charts in the aftermath of his 20-year-old daughter's suicide last month, also put down the daily press for its "disgraceful" coverage of pop festivals, for dismissing doping, nudity, and public bawling in favor of applauding overall peace.

"This is the most irresponsible attitude we can have," he said. Linkletter is hoping to get involved in educational films on hard drugs to be made compulsory in schools on the 4th or 5th grade level.

"It should be a real basic, honest approach," he said, "not frightening or moralizing—but explaining the dangers of

putting chemicals into your body." The 57-year-old Linkletter also plans a film for educators and teachers, teaching them how to talk to youngsters about drugs. One key point, he said, would be admission that "today, kids come out of a drug culture, where they've been told that alcohol and tobacco and many commercial drugs are harmless. We must realize that there's a pleasure principle as well as a curiosity principle at work here."

Linkletter also suggested a national TV special—perhaps a marathon—on drugs, blanketing all networks, but admitted that such a program probably wouldn't draw many teenaged viewers.

"About the only thing that could get the kids would be a debate between the Beatles and President Nixon," he chuckled, not realizing how good the idea actually was.

Congressman Pepper: "It might be difficult to find the Beatles when they aren't in a sleep-in or when one of them isn't naked or something."

Two important witnesses—Dr. Joel Fort, U.C. professor and proponent of liberalized drug laws, and Dr. Alexander Shulgin, the hallucinogen chemist—were disappointing. Under heavy, often hostile questioning from the committee, both men very nearly copped out. Dr. Fort ended up virtually yelling that he wanted to "move society away from all drugs," while Dr. Shulgin, white-bearded developer of STP and other synthetic drugs like TMA, MDA, and MDMA, wound up nodding numbly while Pepper compared him to the "makers of the hydrogen and A bombs." Fingering his eyeglass frames, Shulgin evaluated his work in drug chemistry: "If I could, yes, I would undo it all."

The committee came into San Francisco with the avowed purpose of exposing drug manufacturers whose products—like amphetamines and barbiturates—were getting into unlicensed hands for illicit purposes. This they did with polish and glee. One subpoenaed witness, Irving Udell, president of Bates Laboratories of Chicago, was confronted with 13 large barrels of amphetamine tabs his company had sent, over a period of several months, to an address in San Jacinto, Calif. The address turned out to be that of the 11th hole of a country club golf course.

Another drug manufacturer, after coolly enumerating the procedures he went through to sift out orders from unlicensed would-be customers, was faced with an agent who'd just used a phony letterhead to order—and receive—three shipments of drugs, including one huge order of dexamine and di-phenamine tablets.

Another apparent tactic of the committee's was its use of the deterioration of the Haight-Ashbury to connect hippies

and marijuana with the heroin-speed-violence trips recently polluting the area. The strategy didn't quite work. All witnesses connected with the scene separated the original hippies from today's Haight.

Father Leon Harris, grandfatherly parish priest of All Saints Episcopal Church in the heart of the Haight, admitted, "The vibes are different now, but it's not attributable to hippies. It's intruders who prey on the hippies. The real hippies are else where, but still dedicated to the principles of peace and love." The 60-ish priest closed the testimony by flashing the peace sign to the oh-so-respectful committee.

The words that had to be said were said. Dr. Smith urged the lawmakers to "avoid criminalization of the drug scene." Dr. Fort, in answer to Pepper's question, "Which drug contributes the most to crime?" replied, without any hesitation, "Alcohol." Pressed for runarounds further away from politicians' favorite habit, Fort said "Narcotic addiction, involving speed or amphetamines."

And Dr. Shulgin asked the committee to investigate not just how, but why drugs are being used. "You think there's absolutely no virtue, but kids think there is," he said.

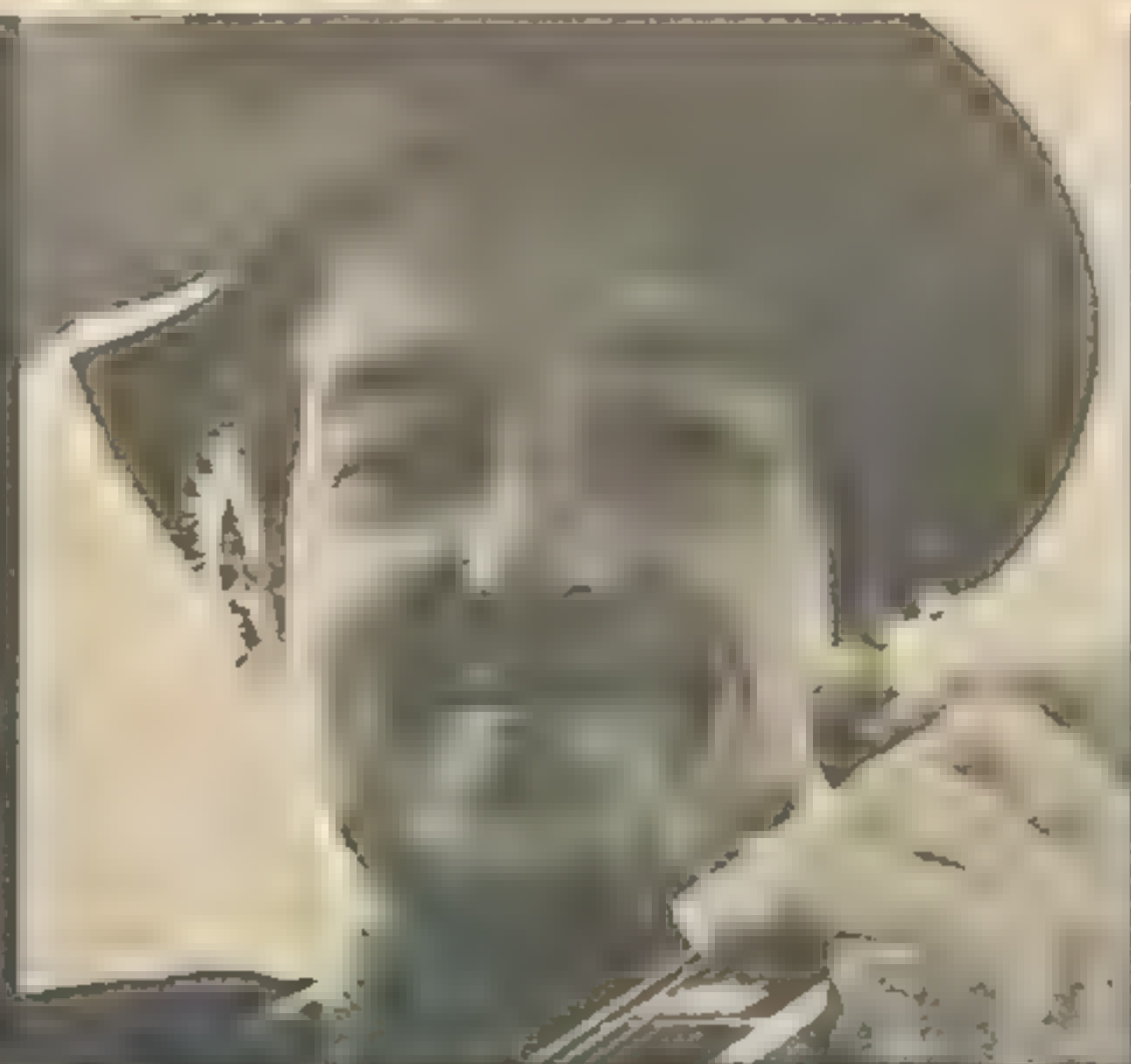
Still, perhaps the grittiest remark came from Opportunity High teacher Hal Cromley, 29, who stood up while Linkletter was leaving and shouted, "I commend your efforts, but what you suggest won't work."

During a break, he amplified his remarks amid a burst of generation gap debates in the corridor. "What all adults have to realize," he said, "is that they represent a dying culture, because marijuana is so widely used, it's unofficially legal."

His students, he said, snickered throughout the Linkletter presentation, displaying special disdain for Congressman Watson who, Crowley said, "is completely out of touch with the fabric of what's happening in America."

But for four days, drugs and lawmen combined to stage quite a show. And Pepper, whose rosy-pink face glowed like a wrinkled light bulb through all four days, closed the hearings in theatrical style, reading a few congratulatory letters from fellow politicians, thanking the judges for the "delightful room," the court officials, members and representatives of government, and members of the press.

As the credits rolled on, the people began to file out, past the guards, and McCune Sound, which wires up so many pop festivals, began to pack up. The long hairs, again, smiled knowingly at each other, flashing "incredible" and "Well what did you expect?" kind of vibes. Incredible, indeed.



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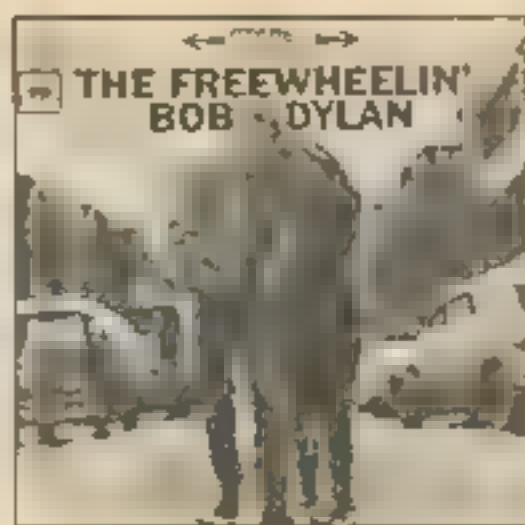
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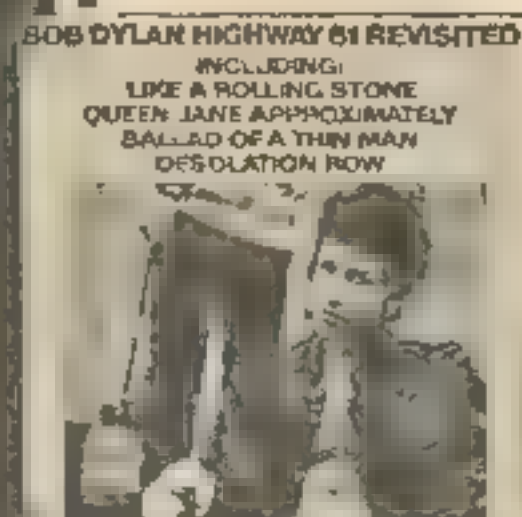
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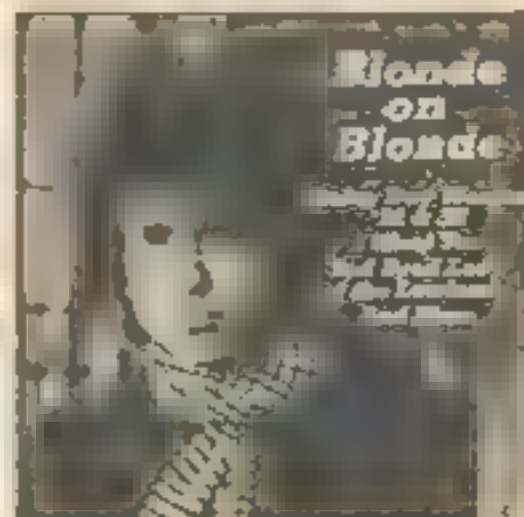
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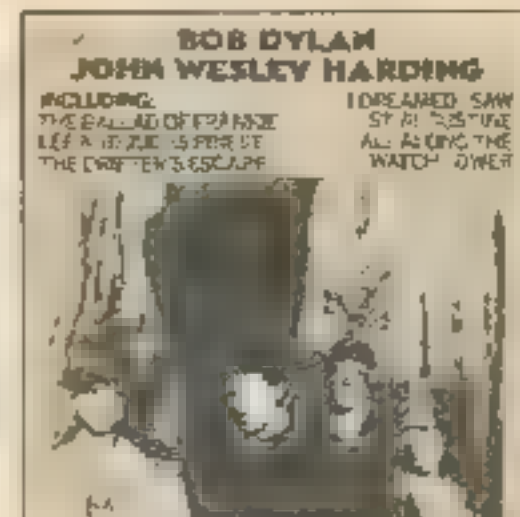
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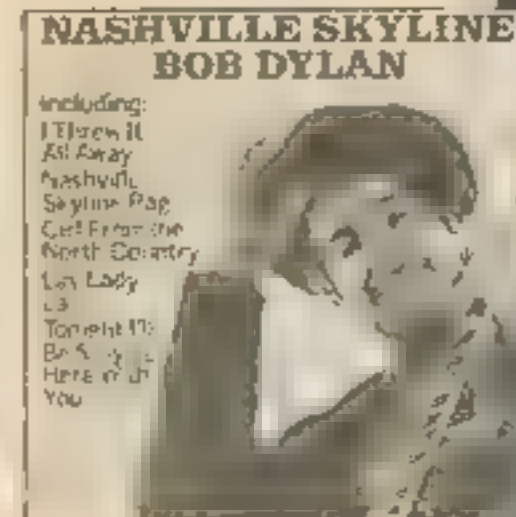
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THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW

DYLAN



ERIC HAYES

BY JANN WENNER

They say Bob Dylan is the most secretive and elusive person in the entire rock and roll substructure, but after doing this interview, I think it would be closer to the point to say that Dylan, like John Wesley Harding, was "never known to make a foolish move."

The preparations for the interview illustrates this well. About 18 months ago, I first started writing Bob letters asking for an interview, suggesting the conditions and questions and reasons for it. Then, a little over a year ago, the night before I left New York, a message came from the hotel operator that a "Mr. Dillon" had called.

Two months later, I met Bob for the first time at another hotel in New York: ...he casually strolled in wearing a sheep-

skin outfit, leather boots, very well put together but not too tall, y'understand. It was 10 A.M. in the morning, and I rolled out of bed stark naked—sleep that way, y'understand — and we talked for half an hour about doing an interview, what it was for, why it was necessary. Bob was feeling out the situation, making sure it would be cool.

That meeting was in the late fall of 1968. It took eight months—until the end of June this year—to finally get the interview. The meantime was covered with a lot of phone calls, near misses in New York City, Bob's trips to California which didn't take place and a lot of waiting and waiting for that right time when we were both ready for the show.

The interview took place on a Thursday afternoon in New York City at my hotel, right around the corner from the funeral home where Judy Garland was

being inspected by ten thousand people, who formed lines around several city blocks. We were removed from all that activity, but somehow it seemed appropriate enough that Judy Garland's funeral coincided with the interview.

Bob was very cautious in everything he said, and took a long time between questions to phrase exactly what he wanted to say, nothing more and sometimes a little less. When I wasn't really satisfied with his answers, I asked the questions another way, later. But Bob was hip.

Rather than edit the interview into tight chunks and long answers, I asked Sheryl to transcribe the tapes with all the pauses, asides and laughs left in. So, much of the time, it's not what is said but how it is said, and I think you will dig it more just as it went down.

To bring us up to date after all that, August through September was spent try-

ing to get Baron together with Bob to get some new photographs of him, in a natural, non-performance situation. But it proved fruitless. Perhaps if we had had another six months to work on getting the photographs, but Bob was simply not to be rushed or pushed into something he really didn't feel like doing at the time. ("I'll have Baron meet you in New York tomorrow." "Well, tomorrow I might be in Tucson, Arizona." "Baron will fly to Tucson," etc.)

The photographs we have used are from rehearsals for the Johnny Cash show and from the Isle of Wight, ones you probably have not seen yet, and some photos of Bob from a long time ago. Bob promised that we would get together soon to take some photos, and if we do, you'll see them as soon as we get them. But don't hold your breath.

Meantime, here's the interview.

When do you think you're gonna go on the road?

November... possibly December.

What kind of dates do you think you'll play—concerts? Big stadiums or small concert halls?

I'll play medium-sized halls.

What thoughts do you have on the kind of back-up you're going to use?

Well, we'll keep it real simple, you know... drums... bass... second guitar organ... piano. Possibly some horns. Maybe some background voices.

Girls? Like the Raylettes?

We could use some girls.

Do you have any particular musicians in mind at this time?

To go out on the road? Well, I always have some in mind. I'd like to know a little bit more about what I'm gonna do. You see, when I discover what I'm gonna do, then I can figure out what kind of sound I want.

I'd probably use... I'd want the best band around, you know?

Are you going to use studio musicians or use some already existing band?

I don't know... you see, it involves putting other people on the bill, full-time. I'd only probably use the Band again... if I went around.

And they'd do the first half of the show?

... Sure... sure.

Are you thinking of bringing any other artists with you?

Well, every so often we do think about that, (laughter) We certainly do. I was thinking about maybe introducing Marvin Rainwater or Slim Whitman to "my audience."

Have you been in touch with either of them?

No... no.

What did you think when you saw yourself on the Cash show?

(Laughs) Oh, I'd never see that. I can't stand to see myself on television. No.

Did you dig doing it?

I dig doing it, yeah. Well, you know, television isn't like anything else... it's also like the movie business, you know, where they call you and then you just sit around. So by the time you finally do something, you have to do it three or four times, and usually all the spirit's gone.

You didn't watch it on TV?

(Laughs) I did watch it on TV... just because I wanted to see Johnny. I didn't realize they slowed Doug Kershaw down, too. They slowed his song down to... his song was like this... (taps out steady beat)... and they slowed him down to (taps slow rhythm)... you know?

Just by slowing down the tape?

They just slowed him down. I don't know how, I don't know what happened. I think the band slowed him down or something, but boy he was slowed down. During rehearsals and just sitting around, he played these songs... the way we was going at it, maybe 3/4 time, and they slowed him down to about 2/3 time, you know?

Did you have any difficulty working with the TV people doing something like that?

O no, no, they're wonderful people they really are. It was by far the most enjoyable television program I've ever done. I don't do television just because you get yourself in such a mess... so I don't do it.

You told me once that you were going to do a TV special?

That's what I'm talking about in Hollywood?

No, I'm talking about CBS.

In New York?

Well, we don't know that yet. They don't have in mind exactly what they

would like. They kind of leave it wide open, so we're trying to close the gap now.

What do you have in mind for it?

Oh, I just have some free-form type thing in mind. A lot of music.

Presenting other artists?

Sure... I don't mind I don't know who, but...

Why haven't you worked in so long?

Well, uh... I do work.

I mean on the road.

On the road... I don't know, working on the road... Well, Jann, I'll tell ya—I was on the road for almost five years. It wore me down. I was on drugs, a lot of things. A lot of things just to keep going, you know? And I don't want to live that way anymore. And uh... I'm just waiting for a better time—you know what I mean?

What would you do that would make the tour that you're thinking about doing different from the ones you did do?

Well, I'd like to slow down the pace a little. The one I did do... the next show's gonna be a lot different from the last show. The last show, during the first half, of which there was about an hour, I only did maybe six songs. My songs were long, long songs. But that's why I had to start dealing with a lot of different methods of keeping myself awake, alert... because I had to remember all the words to those songs. Now I've got a whole bag of new songs. I've written 'em for the road, you know. So I'll be doing all these songs on the road. They're gonna sound a lot better than they do on record.

My songs always sound a lot better in person than they do on the record.

Why?

Well, I don't know why. They just do.

On Nashville Skyline—who does the arrangements? The studio musicians, or

Boy, I wish you could've come along the last time we made an album. You'd probably enjoyed it... 'cause you see right there, you know how it's done. We just take a song; I play it and everyone else just sort of fills in behind it. No sooner you got that done, and at the same time you're doing that, there's someone in the control booth who's turning all those dials to where the proper sound is coming in... and then it's done. Just like that.

Just out of rehearsing it? It'll be a take?

Well, maybe we'll take about two times.

Were there any songs on Nashville Skyline that took longer to take?

I don't know... I don't think so. There's a movie out now, called *Midnight Cowboy*. You know the song on the album, "Lay, Lady, Lay"? Well, I wrote that song for that movie. These producers, they wanted some music for their movie. This was last summer. And this fellow there asked me, you know, if I could do some music for their movie.

So I came up with that song. By the time I came up with it, though it was too late (Laughs) It's the same old story all the time.

It's just too late... so I kept the song and recorded it.

There's something going on with Easy Rider—you wrote the lyrics for a song that Roger McGuinn wrote the music for, or something? Something... writing a song for Easy Rider, the Peter Fonda film? Were you involved in that at all?

They used some of my music in it. They used a song of the Band's, too. They also used Steppenwolf music. I don't know anything more about it than that.

Do you know which song of yours they used?

"It's Alright, Ma" but they had Roger McGuinn singing it.

Have you been approached to write music for any other movies?

Uh-hum.

Considering any of them?

Unh-unh.

Why? Scripts?

Ummmm... I don't know. I just can't seem to keep my mind on it. I can't keep my mind on the movie. I had a script awhile ago, that was called *Zachariah* and the *Seven Cowboys*. (laughs) That was some script. Every line in it was taken out of the Bible. And just thrown together. Then there was another one, called *The Impossible Toy*. Have you seen that? (laughs) Yeah. Let's see, what else? Ummmm... no, I'm not planning on doing any music for movies.

When are you going to do another record?

You mean when am I going to put out an album?

Have you done another record?

No... not exactly. I was going to try and have another one out by the fall.

Is it done in Nashville again?

Well, we... I think so... I mean it's... seems to be as good a place as any.

What first got you involved with or attracted you to the musicians at the Columbia studios?

Nashville? Well we always used them since *Blonde on Blonde*. Well, we didn't use Pete on *Blonde on Blonde*.

What was Joe South like to work with?

Joe South? Well he was quiet. He didn't say too much. I always did like him though.

Do you like his record?

I love his records.

That album, *Introspect*?

Um-hmm. I always enjoyed his guitar-playing. Ever since I heard him.

Does he have any solos on *Blonde on Blonde*?

Um-hmm. Yes he does. He has a he's playing a high guitar lick on... well, if you named me the songs, I could tell you which one it was, but it's catchin' my mind at the moment. He was playing... he played a big, I believe it was a Gretsch, guitar—one of those Chet Atkins models. That's the guitar he played it on.

"Absolutely Sweet Marie"?

Yeah, it could've been that one. Or "Just Like a Woman"... one of those. Boy he just... he played so pretty.

On Nashville Skyline, do you have any song on that that you particularly dig? Above the others.

Uh... "Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You." I like "Tell Me That It Isn't True," although it came out completely different than I'd written it. It came out real slow and mellow. I had it written as sort of a jerky, kind of polka-type thing. I wrote it in F. I wrote a lot of songs on this new album in F. That's what gives it kind of a new sound. They're all in F... not all of them, but quite a few. There's not many on that album that aren't in F. So you see

—Continued on Page 25

JIM MARSHALL





JIM MAR. HALL

DYLAN

I had those chords . . . which gives it a certain sound. I try to be a little different on every album.

I'm sure you read the reviews of Nashville Skyline. Everybody remarks on the change of your singing style . . .

Well, Jann, I'll tell you something. There's not too much of a change in my singing style, but I'll tell you something which is true . . . I stopped smoking. When I stopped smoking, my voice changed . . . so drastically, I couldn't believe it myself. That's true. I tell you, you stop smoking those cigarettes (laughter) . . . and you'll be able to sing like Caruso.

How many songs did you go into Nashville Skyline with?

I went in with uhh . . . the first time I went into the studio I had, I think, four songs. I pulled that instrumental one out . . . I needed some songs with an instrumental . . . then Johnny came in and did a song with me. Then I wrote one in the motel . . . then pretty soon the whole album started fillin' in together, and we had an album. I mean, we didn't go down with that in mind. That's why I wish you were there . . . you could've really seen it happen. It just manipulated out of nothing.

How many songs did you do with Johnny?

Well, we did quite a few. We just sat down and started doing some songs . . . but you know how those things are. You get into a room with someone, you start playing and singing, and you sort of forget after a while what you're there for (laughs).

You must have a lotta songs with him on tape . . . are you thinking of putting out a collection of them?

Well I'm not, no. But you usually have to leave those things in the hands of the producers.

Is there one afoot?

A tape?

No, an album.

No . . . not that I know of. If there was an album, I believe that we would both have to go back into the studio and record some more songs.

There's not enough there already . . . or it's just not good enough?

Well, it's uhh . . . what it comes down to is a choice of material. If they wanted an album—a joint album—they could probably get a lot more material with a broader range on it. If we went there with actually certain songs in mind to do . . . see, that didn't happen last time.

How did you make the change . . . or why did you make the change, of producers, from Tom Wilson to Bob Johnston?

Well, I can't remember, Jann. I can't remember . . . all I know is that I was out recording one day, and Tom had always been there—I had no reason to think he wasn't going to be there—and I looked up one day and Bob was there. (laughs)

There's been some articles on Wilson and he says that he's the one that gave you the rock and roll sound . . . and started you doing rock and roll. Is that true?

Did he say that? Well, if he said it . . . (laughs) more power to him. (laughs) He did to a certain extent. That is true. He did. He had a sound in mind.

Have you ever thought of doing an album . . . a very arranged, very orchestrated album, you know, with chicks and . . . ?

Gee, I've thought of it . . . I think about it once in a while. Yeah.

You think you might do one?

I do whatever comes naturally. I'd like to do an album like that. You mean using my own material and stuff.

Yeah, using your own material but with vocal background and . . .

I'd like to do it. Who wouldn't?

When did you make the change from John Hammond . . . or what caused the change from John Hammond?

John Hammond. He signed me in 1960. He signed me to Columbia Records. I think he produced my first album. I think he produced my second one, too.

And Tom Wilson was also working at Columbia at the time?

He was . . . you know, I don't recall how that happened . . . or why that switch took place. I remember at one time I was about to record for Don Law. You know Don Law? I was about to record for Don Law, but I never did.

I met Don Law in New York, in 1962 . . . and again recently, last year when I did the John Wesley Harding album. I met him down in the studio. He came in . . . he's a great producer. He produced many of the earlier records for Columbia and also for labels which they had before—Okeh and stuff like that. I believe he did the Robert Johnson records.

What did you do in the year between Blonde on Blonde and John Wesley Harding?

Well I was on tour part of that time . . . Australia, Sweden . . . an overseas tour. Then I came back . . . and in the spring of that year, I was scheduled to go out—it was one month off, I had a one-month vacation—I was gonna go back on the road again in July. Blonde on Blonde was up on the charts at this time. At that time I had a dreadful motorcycle accident . . . which put me away for awhile . . . and I still didn't sense the importance of that accident till at least a year after that. I realized that it was a real accident. I mean I thought that I was just gonna get up and go back to doing what I was doing before . . . but I couldn't do it anymore.

What did I do during that year? I helped work on a film . . . which was supposed to be aired on Stage 67, a television show which isn't on anymore . . . I don't think it was on for very long.

What change did the motorcycle accident make?

What change? Well, it . . . it limited me. It's hard to speak about the change, you know? It's not the type of change that one can put into words . . . besides the physical change. I had a busted vertebrae; neck vertebrae. And there's really not much to talk about. I don't want to talk about it.

Laying low for a year . . . you must have had time to think. That was the ABC-TV show? What happened to the tapes of that? How come that never got shown?

Well, I could make an attempt to answer that, but . . . (laughs) . . . I think my manager could probably answer it a lot better.

I don't think he answers too many questions.

Doesn't he? He doesn't answer questions? Well he's a nice guy. He'll usually talk to you if you show some enthusiasm for what you're talking about.

So what happened to the tapes?

You mean that film? As far as I know, it will be sold . . . or a deal will be made, for its sale. That's what I'm told. But you see, Jann, I don't hold these movie people in too high a position. You know this movie, Don't Look Back? Well, that splashed my face all

over the world, that movie Don't Look Back. I didn't get a penny from that movie, you know . . . so when people say why don't you go out and work and why don't you do this and why don't you do that, people don't know half of what a lot of these producers and people, lawyers . . . they don't know the half of those stories. I'm an easy-going kind of fellow, you know . . . I'm forgive and forget. I like to think that way. But I'm a little shy of these people. I'm not interested in finding out anymore about any film.

Did you like Don't Look Back?

I'd like it a lot more if I got paid for it. (laughter)

There was supposed to be another film that Pennabaker shot—I don't know when or where—maybe it was the ABC film . . .

That was it. Sure it was. That's the one you're talking about.

Is it a good one?

Well, we cut it fast on the eye. It's fast on the eye. I'd have to let you see it for yourself, to think about if it's a good one. I don't know if it's a good one. For me, it's too fast for the eye . . . but there are quite a few people who say it's really good. Johnny Cash is in it. John Lennon's in it. The Band's in it. Who else . . . a lot of different people from the European capitals of the world are in it.

Princes and princesses? (laughs)

Well not princesses, (laughs) but presidents (laughs) and people like that.

What is the nature of your acquaintance with John Lennon?

Oh, I always love to see John. Always. He's a wonderful fellow . . . and I always like to see him.

He said that the first time that you met, in New York, after one of the concerts or something like that, it was a very uptight situation.

It probably was, yes. Like, you know how it used to be for them. They couldn't go out of their room. They used to tell me you could hardly get in to see them. There used to be people surrounding them, not only in the streets, but in the corridors in the hotel. I should say it was uptight.

How often have you seen them subsequently?

Well, I haven't seen them too much recently.

What do you think of the bed-ins for Peace? Him and Yoko.

Well, you know . . . everybody's doing what they can do. I don't mind what he does, really . . . I always like to see him.

Do you read the current critics? The music critics, so-called "rock and roll writers?"

Well I try to keep up. I try to keep up-to-date . . . I realize I don't do a very good job in keeping up to date, but I try to. I don't know half the groups that are playing around now. I don't know half of what I should.

Are there any that you've seen that you dig?

Well I haven't seen any.

I mean like Traffic, and . . .

See, I never saw Traffic . . . I never even saw Cream. I feel bad about those things, but what can I do?

See them? (laughs)

Well, I can't now. I'm going to see this new group, called Blind Faith. I'm going to make it my duty to go see them . . . 'cause they'll probably be gone (laughter) in another year or so. So I'd better get up there quick and see them.

Do you like Stevie Winwood singing?

Oh sure, sure . . . Stevie Winwood, he came to see us in Manchester. Last time we were in Manchester . . . that was 1966. Or was it Birmingham? His brother—he's got a brother named Muff—Muff took us all out to see a haunted house, outside of Manchester, or Birmingham, one of those two. Or was it Newcastle? Something like that. We went out to see a haunted house, where a man and his dog was to have burned up in the 13th century. Boy, that place was spooky. That's the last time I saw Stevie Winwood.

Have you been listening to his . . . have you heard the Traffic records? The stuff that he's been doing lately?

I heard them doing "Gimme Some Lovin'"; I love that. I didn't get all the names . . . after that. I seem to recall hearing a Traffic record. I know I've heard the Traffic . . . the group, Traffic, on the radio. I've heard that.

Have you heard the San Francisco bands?

Jefferson Airplane? Quicksilver Messenger Service. Yeah, I've heard them. The Grateful Dead.

Do you like them?

Yeah, sure do.

Is there anything happening on the current rock and roll scene that strikes you as good?

Yeah, I heard a record by Johnny Thunder. It's called "I'm Alive." Never heard it either, huh? Well, I can't believe it. Everyone I've talked to, I've asked them if they've heard that record. Is it on the radio right now?

I don't know. I heard it on the radio a month ago, two months ago . . . three months ago. It was one of the most powerful records I've ever heard. It's called "I'm Alive." By Johnny Thunder. Well, it was that sentiment, truly expressed. That's the most I can say . . . if you heard the record, you'd know what I mean. But that's about all . . .

Do you like the stuff that Ray Stevens is doing?

Oh, I've always liked Ray Stevens. Sure.

Have you had occasion to go to Memphis, you know, when you're down there . . . or Muscle Shoals or Pensacola, any of the great musical centers of the South?

No, I've never been in any of the recording studios there.

Have you ever met Ray Stevens?

Uh, I've been in the same building with Ray Stevens. He was behind another door . . . but I've never met him. I've never shook his hand. No.

I don't want to get nosy or get into your personal life . . . but there was a series recently in the Village Voice, about your growing up, living, and going to high school. Did you read that series?

Yeah I did. At least, I read some of it. Was it accurate?

Well, it was accurate as far as this fellow who was writing it . . . this fellow . . . I wouldn't have read it if I thought . . . he was using me to write his story. So I feel a little unusual in this case, 'cause I can see through this writer's aims. But as far as liking it or disliking it, I didn't do neither of those things. I mean it's just publicity from where I am. So if they want to spend six or seven issues writing about me (laughs) . . . as long as they get it right, you know, as long as they get it in there, I can't complain.

You must have some feelings about picking up a newspaper that has a hundred thousand circulation and seeing that some guy's gone and talked to your parents and your cousins, and uncles . . .

Well, the one thing I did . . . I don't like the way this writer talked about my father who has passed away. I didn't dig him talking about my father and using his name. Now that's the only thing about the article I didn't dig. But that boy has got some lessons to learn.

What did he say?

That don't matter what he said. He didn't have no right to speak about my father, who has passed away. If he wants to do a story on me, that's fine. I don't care what he wants to say about me. But to uhh . . . I got the feeling that he was taking advantage of some good people that I used to know and he was making fun of a lot of things. I got the feeling he was making fun of quite a few things . . . this fellow, Toby. You know what I mean, Jann? Soooo . . . we'll just let that stand as it is . . . for now.

I've gone through all the collected articles that have appeared, all the early ones and Columbia records' biographies, that's got the story about running away from home at 11 and 12 and 13—one-half . . . why did you put out that story?

I didn't put out any of those stories!

Well, it's the standard Bob Dylan biography . . .

Well, you know how it is, Jann . . . If you're sittin' in a room, and you have to

Continued
Page 27





JIM MARSHALL

DYLAN

have something done... I remember once, I was playing at Town Hall, and the producer of it came over with that biography...you know, I'm a songwriter, I'm not a biography writer, and I need a little help with these things.

So if I'm sitting in a room with some people, and I say "Come on now, I need some help, gonna a biography," so there might be three or four people there and out of those three or four people maybe they'll come up with something, come up with a biography. So we put it down, it reads well, and the producer of the concert is satisfied. In fact, he even gets a kick out of it. You dig what I mean?

But in actuality, this thing wasn't written for hundreds of thousands of people... it was just a little game for whoever was going in there and getting a ticket, you know, they get one of these things too. That's just show business. So you do that, and pretty soon you've got a million people who get it on the side. You know? They start thinkin' that it's written all for them. And it's not written for them—it was written for someone who bought the ticket to the concert. You got all these other people taking it too seriously. Do you know what I mean? So a lot of things have been blown out of proportion.

At the time when all your records were out, and you were working and everybody was writing stories about you, you let that become your story... you sort of covered up your parents, and your old friends... you sort of kept people away from them...

Did I?

Well, that was the impression it gave... Jann, you know, my best friends... you're talking about old friends, and best friends... if you want to go by those standards, I haven't seen my best friends for over 15 years. You know what I mean?

I'm not in the business of covering anything up. If I was from New Jersey, I could make an effort to show people my old neighborhood. If I was from Baltimore, same thing. Well, I'm from the Midwest. Boy, that's two different worlds.

This whole East Coast... there are a few similarities between the East Coast and the Midwest and, of course, the people are similar, but it's a big jump. So, I came out of the Midwest, but I'm not interested in leading anybody back there. That's not my game.

Why do you choose to live in the East?

Well, because we're nearer New York now. We don't choose anything... we just go with the wind. That's it.

Most people who become successful in records, especially artists, start wondering at some point about whether they're becoming businessmen, taking care of contracts, and making money... did you ever get that?

Yeah, I certainly did. I'd love to become a businessman. (laughs). Love it. Love it.

What do you think of the music business?

I'd love to become a businessman in the music business.

Doing what?

Well, doing that same thing that other businessmen are doing... talking about recording, publishing, producing...

Have you ever wanted to produce an album for some other artist?

I have.

Which one?

Uhh... it's been a long time. I can't even remember which one. I saw somebody once, it was down in the Village. Anyway...

Are there any artists around today that you'd like to produce?

Well, there was some talk about producing Burt Lancaster doing the hymn "I Saw St. Augustine"...

Well, the movie business being what it is... going back to reviews that you've gotten for various albums; everybody has a lot of strange interpretations and decisions... have you ever read any criticisms about that that you liked or thought was accurate—or possibly got close to what you were trying to do?

Minimum... I can't say that I have. I don't recall. Like I say, Jann, I don't keep up with it as much as I should.

At the time when Highway 61 and Bringing It All Back Home were coming out... do you remember anything from them?

Do you?

Yeah, the liner notes.

What did you like about those liner notes?

I think they were very groovy. They explained what was going on in the album, and how the album came to be recorded, and how it all came to be said. Why didn't you publish Tarantula?

Why? Well... it's a long story. It begins with when I suddenly began to sell quite a few records, and a certain amount of publicity began to be carried in all the major news magazines about this "rising young star." Well, this industry being what it is, book companies began sending me contracts, because I was doing interviews before and after concerts, and reporters would say things like "What else do you write?" And I would say, "Well, I don't write much of anything else." And they would say, "Oh, come on. You must write other things. Tell us something else. Do you write books?" And I'd say, "Sure, I write books."

After the publishers saw that I wrote books, they began to send me contracts... Doubleday, Macmillan, Hill and Range (laughter)... we took the biggest one, and then owed them a book. You follow me?

But there was no book. We just took the biggest contract. Why? I don't know. Why I did, I don't know. Why I was told to do it, I don't know. Anyway, I owed them a book.

So I sat down, and said "Wow, I've done many things before, it's not so hard to write a book." So I sat down and wrote them a book in the hotel rooms and different places, plus I got a lot of other papers laying around that other people had written, so I threw it all together in a week and sent it to them.

Well, it wasn't long after that when I got it back to proofread it. I got it back and I said "My gosh, did I write this? I'm not gonna have this out." Do you know what I mean? "I'm not gonna put this out. The folks back home just aren't going to understand this at all." I said, "Well, I have to do some corrections on this." I told them, and set about correcting it. I told them I was improving it.

Boy, they were hungry for this book. They didn't care what it was. They just wanted... people up there were saying "Boy, that's the second James Joyce," and "Jack Kerouac again" and they were saying "Homer revisited"... and they were all just talking through their heads.

They just wanted to sell books, that's all they wanted to do. It wasn't about anything... and I knew that—I figured they had to know that, they were in the business of it. I knew that, and I was just nobody. If I knew it, where were they at? They were just playing with me. My book.

So I wrote a new book. I figured I was satisfied with it and I sent that in. Wow, they looked at that and said "Well, that's another book." And I said, "Well, but it's better." And they said, "Okay, we'll print this." So they printed that up and sent that back to proofread it. So I proofread it—I just looked at the first paragraph—and knew I just couldn't let that stand. So I took the whole thing with me on tour. I was going to rewrite it all. Carried a typewriter around... around the world. Trying to meet this deadline which they'd given me to put this book out. They just backed me into a corner. A lot of invisible people. So finally, I had a deadline on it, and

was working on it, before my motorcycle accident. And I was studying all kinds of different prints and how I wanted them to print the book, by this time. I also was studying at lot of other poets at this time... I had books which I figured could lead me somewhere... and I was using a little bit from everything.

But still, it wasn't any book; it was just to satisfy the publishers who wanted to print something that we had a contract for. Follow me? So eventually, I had my motorcycle accident and that just got me out of the whole thing, 'cause I didn't care anymore. As it stands now, Jann, I could write a book. But I'm gonna write it first, and then give it to them. You know what I mean?

Do you any particular subject in mind, or plan, for a book?

Do you?

For yours or mine?

(laughs) For any of them.

What writers today do you dig? Like who would you read if you were writing a book? Mailer?

All of them. There's something to be learned from them all.

What about the poets? You once said something about Smokey Robinson...

I didn't mean Smokey Robinson, I meant Arthur Rimbaud. I don't know how I could've gotten Smokey Robinson mixed up with Arthur Rimbaud. (laughter) But I did.

Do you see Alan Ginsberg much?

Not at all. Not at all.

Do you think he had any influence on your songwriting at all?

I think he did at a certain period. That period of... "Desolation Row," that kind of New York type period, when all the songs were just "city songs." His poetry is city poetry. Sounds like the city.

Before, you were talking about touring and using drugs. During that period of songs like "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Baby Blue," which a lot of writers have connected to the drug experience, not in the sense of them being "psychedelic music," or drug songs, but having come out of the drug experience.

How so?

In terms of perceptions. A level of perceptions... awareness of the songs...

Awareness of the minute. You mean that?

An awareness of the mind.

I would say so.

Did taking drugs influence the songs? No, not the writing of them, but it did keep me up there to pump 'em out.

Why did you leave the city and city songs for the country and country songs? The country songs?

The songs... you were talking about "Highway 61" being a song of the city, and songs of New York City...

What was on that album?

Highway 61? "Desolation Row," "Queen Jane"...

Well, it was also what the audiences wanted to hear, too... don't forget that. When you play every night in front of an audience, you know what they want to hear. It's easier to write songs then. You know what I'm talking about?

Who do you think your current audience is?

Who do you think you're selling records to?

records to? What kind of people?

Well, I don't know. When I go out on the road, I'll find out, won't I?

Did you get any indication of that from who showed up in the audience in Nashville?

No, they were just people. Just people. I find every audience more or less the same, although you can have a certain attachment or disattachment for one because it may be bigger or smaller. But... people are just people.

Many people—writers, college students, college writers—all felt tremendously affected by your music and what you're saying in the lyrics.

Did they?

Sure. They felt it had a particular relevance to their lives... I mean, you must be aware of the way that people come on to you.

Not entirely. Why don't you explain to me.

I guess if you reduce it to its simplest terms, the expectation of your audience—the portion of your audience that I'm familiar with—feels that you have the answer.

What answer?

Like from the film, Don't Look Back—people asking you "Why? What is it? Where is it?" People are tremendously hung-up on what you write and what you say, tremendously hung-up. Do you react to that at all? Do you feel responsible to those people?

I don't want to make anybody worry about it... but boy, if I could ease someone's mind, I'd be the first one to do it. I want to lighten every load. Straighten out every burden. I don't want anybody to be hung-up... (laughs) especially over me, or anything I do. That's not the point at all.

Let me put it another way... what I'm getting at is that you're an extremely important figure in music and an extremely important figure in the experience of growing up today. Whether you put yourself in that position or not, you're in that position. And you must have thought about it... and I'm curious to know what you think about that...

What would I think about it? What can I do?

You wonder if you're really that person.

What person?

A great "youth leader"

If I thought I was that person, wouldn't I be out there doing it? Wouldn't I be, if I thought I was meant to do that, would n't I be doing it? I don't have to hold back. Thus Maharishi, he thinks that—right? He's out there doing it. If I thought that, I'd be out there doing it. Don't you... you agree, right? So obviously, I don't think that.

What do you feel about unwillingly occupying that position?

I can see that position filled by someone else... not by... the position you're speaking of... I play music, man. I write songs. I have a certain balance about things, and I believe there should be an order to everything. Underneath it all, I believe, also, that there are people trained for this job that you're talking about—"youth leader" type of thing, you know? I mean, there must be people trained to do this type of work. And I'm just one person, doing what I do. Trying to get along... staying out of people's hair, that's all.

You've been also a tremendous influence on a lot of musicians and writers, they're very obviously affected by your style, the way you do things.

Who?

Well, somebody like Phil Ochs, for example... a lot of people like that.

Phil Ochs. uh... was around the same time I was, I remember

when he came to town. He had his... he was doing his "Stand Tall Billy Sol" type songs. I mean, he had it then. I think he made it, there being a certain amount of momentum—he pushed—from being on the scene. But he did bring his own thing in, when he came in. He didn't—as some people—come in as a dishwasher, to dig some sounds and suddenly put down the broom, and pick up the guitar. You know what I mean?

I'm thinking also of other slugs, of people who were singing before and playing the guitar.

—Continued on Next Page

JIM MARSHALL



DYLAN

Do you see any influence in the Motown? All those things that the Motown records are doing now? Like "Runaway Child" and those kind of things. I mean, Motown wasn't doing those kind of records a few years ago, were they? What do you think they're doing, Jann? Are they really sincere and all that kind of thing?

I think they're sincere about making good records, and they're going to sell a lot of them. I dig that. Do you like the Motown records?

Well, yeah... I like them...

Do you like the ones today better than the ones that they were doing before?

Oh I have always liked the Motown records. Always. But because I like them so much, I see that change.

Have you got anything to do with that change?

Have I? Not that I know of.

Do you think that you've played any role in the change of popular music in the last four years?

I hope not. (laughs)

Well, a lot of people say you have.

(laughs) Well, you know, I'm not one to argue. (laughs).

There's a lot of talk about you and Albert Grossman, your relationship with Albert Grossman, and whether he's going to continue to manage you.

Well... as far as I know, things will remain the same, until the length of our contract. And if we don't sign another contract, or if he does not have a hand in producing my next concerts or have a hand in any of my next work, it's only because he's too busy. 'Cause he's got so many acts now... it's so hard for him to be in all places all the time. I mean you know, it's the old story... you can't be in two places at once. That old story. You know what I mean?

When does your contract with him expire?

Sometime this year.

You were supposed to leave Columbia and sign with MGM? A million dollars... what happened to that?

It... went up in smoke.

Did you want a new label?

I didn't, no.

Who did?

I believe my advisors.

I take it you haven't had any recent trouble with Columbia, like you used to have in the beginning...

No... no.

Do you know approximately how many songs that you've recorded that have not been released? Like songs left over from recording John Wesley Harding or Blonde On Blonde? Do you have any idea how many?

Well, we try to use them all. There may be a few lying around.

What do you think was the best song, popular song, to come out last year?

Uhh... I like that one... of Creedence Clearwater Revival — "Rolling On the River".

Any others?

George Jones had one called "Small Town Laboring Man."

You've been very reluctant to talk to reporters, the press and so on... why is that?

Why would you think?

Well, I know why you won't go on those things.

Well, if you know why, you tell 'em... 'cause I find it hard to talk about. People don't understand how the press works. People don't understand that the press, they just use you to sell papers. And, in a certain way, that's not bad... but when they misquote you all the time, and when they just use you to fill in some story. And when you read it after, it isn't anything the way you pictured it happening. Well, anyhow, it hurts. It hurts because you think you were just played for a fool. And the more hurts you get, the less you want to do it. Ain't that correct?

Were there any writers that you met that you liked? That you felt did good jobs? Wrote accurate stories...

On what?

On you. For instance, I remember two big pieces—one was in the New Yorker, by Nat Hentoff...

Yeah, I like 'em. I like that. In a way, I like 'em all, whether I feel bad about 'em or not, in a way I like 'em all. I seldom get a kick out of them, Jann, but... I mean, I just can't be spending my time reading what people write. (laughter). I don't know anybody who can, do you?

Do you set aside a certain amount of time during the day to... how much of the day do you think about songwriting and playing the guitar?

Well, I try to get it when it comes. I play the guitar wherever I find one. But I try to write the song when it comes. I try to get it all... 'cause if you don't get it all, you're not gonna get it. So the best kinds of songs you can write are in motel rooms and cars... places which are all temporary. 'Cause you're forced to do it. Rather, it lets you go into it.

You go into your kitchen and try to write a song, and you can't write a song—I know people who do this—I know some songwriters who go to work every day, at 8:30 and come home at 5:00. And usually bring something back... I mean, that's legal too. It just depends on how you do it. Me, I don't have those kind of things known to me yet, so I just get 'em when they come. And when they don't come, I don't try for it.

There's been a lot of artists who have done your songs... songs that you have released and songs that you haven't released. Have you written any songs lately for any other artists to do, specifically for that artist? Or any of your old songs.

I wrote "To Be Alone With You"—that's on Nashville Skyline—I wrote it for Jerry Lee Lewis. The one on Nashville Skyline. (Laughter.) He was down there when we were listening to the playbacks, and he came in. He was recording an album next door. He listened to it... I think we sent him a dub.

"Peggy Day," I kind of had the Mills Brothers in mind when I did that one (laughter).

Have you approached them yet? (Laughter.)

No, unfortunately, I haven't.

During what period of time did you write the songs on Nashville Skyline? During the month before you went down to do it or...

Yeah, about a month before we did it. That's why it seemed to be all connected.

You're going to do your next album in Nashville?

I don't know, Jann. I don't know where I'm gonna be doing the next album. Sometimes I envy the Beatles... they just go down to the studio, and play around... I mean, you're bound to get a record. You know what I mean? Sound to get a record. Their studio is just a drive away... boy, I'd have an album out every month. I mean, how could you not?

Have you ever thought about getting four- or eight-track equipment up where you live?

Well, everyone's talking about that now. But it's just talk as far as I know. I would come to New York if I wanted to use the studio, because it's all here... if you need a good engineer, or if you need a song, or somebody to record it, an artist... whereas, some place like up in the country there, in the mountains, you could get a studio in, but that doesn't guarantee you anything else but the studio. You can get violin players, cello players, you can get dramatic readers... you can get anybody at the drop of a hat, in New York City. I imagine it's that way over in London, where the Beatles make their records. Anything they want to put on their record, they just call up and it's there. I'd like to be in that position.

What do you look for when you make a record... I mean, what qualities, do you judge it by when you hear it played back?

Ummmm... for the spirit. I like to hear a good lick once in a while. Maybe it's the spirit... don't you think so? I mean, if the spirit's not there, it don't matter how good a song it is or...

What do you think of the current rock and roll groups doing all the country music?

Well, once again, it really doesn't matter what kind of music they do, just so long as people are making music. That's a good sign. There are certainly more people around making music than there was when I was growing up. I know that.

Do you find any that are particularly good—country rock, or merely rock and roll bands, doing country material, using steel guitars?

As long as it sounds good...

Do any particular one of those groups appeal to you?

Who... who are in those groups?

Oh, Flying Burrito Brothers...

Boy, I love them... the Flying Burrito Brothers, unhuh. I've always known Chris, you know, from when he was in the Byrds. And he's always been a fine musician. Their records knocked me out. (laughs). That poor little hippie boy on

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his way to town... (laughs)

What about the Byrds... they did a country album.

Sweetheart? Well, they had a distinctive sound, the Byrds... they usually were hanging in there.

Of all the versions of "This Wheel's On Fire," which do you like the best?

Uh... the Band's. Who else did it?

Julie Driscoll... the Byrds did it

I remember hearing the Julie Driscoll one. I don't remember hearing the Byrds.

What was the origin of that collection of songs, of that tape?

The origin of it? What do you mean? Where was that done?

Well that was done out in... out in somebody's basement. Just a basement tape. It was just for...

Did you do most, did you write most of those songs, those demos, for yourself?

Right.

And then decide against them?

No, they weren't demos for myself, they were demos of the songs. I was being PUSHED again... into coming up with some songs. So, you know... you know how those things go.

Do you have any artists in mind for any of those particular songs?

No. They were just fun to do. That's all. They were a kick to do. Fact, I'd do it all again. You know... that's really the way to do a recording—in a peaceful, relaxed setting—in somebody's basement. With the windows open... and a dog lying on the floor.

Let me explain something about this interview. If you give one magazine an interview, then the other magazine wants an interview. If you give one to one, then the other one wants one. So pretty soon, you're in the interview business... you're just giving interviews. Well, as you know, this can really get you down. Doing nothing but giving interviews.

So the only way you can do it is to give press conferences. But you see, you have to have something to give a press conference about. Follow me? So that's why I don't give interviews. There's no mysterious reason to it, there's nothing organized behind it... it's just that if

you give an interview to one magazine, then another one'll get mad.

Why have you chosen to do this interview?

'Cause this is a music paper. Why would I want to give an interview to Look magazine? Tell me, why?

I don't know... to sell records

To sell records, I could do it. Right But I have a gold record without doing it, do you understand me? Well, if I had to sell records, I'd be out there giving interviews to everybody. Don't you see? Mr. Clive Davis, he was president of Columbia Records, and he said he wouldn't be surprised if this last album sold a million units. Without giving one interview. Now you tell me, Jan, why am I going to go out and give an interview?

To get hassled...

Why would I want to go out and get hassled? If they're gonna pay me, I mean... who wants to do that. I don't.

Do you have any idea how much money your publishing has brought in over the last five years?

Well, now, that's difficult to answer because my songs are divided up into three, no, four companies. So there you have it. There you have it right there.

Which companies?

Well, I've got songs with Leeds Music. I've got songs with Whitmark Music. I've got a bunch of songs with Dwarf Music. I've got songs in Big Sky Music. So you see, my songs are divided up, so...

Do you own Big Sky Music wholly yourself?

It's my company. I chose to start this company.

If you put all the estimated income from those four companies together, or estimated gross income from publishing from those, it must be a considerable...

Not as much as the Beatles

Yeah, but other than the Beatles?

Not as much as those writers from Motown.

Other than the writers from Motown...

You know there are many more musical organizations than me. They've got staffs of writers bringing in more money than you can dream of.

What songwriters do you like? Do you like any of the teams like Holland, Dozier, Holland or Hayes and Porter?

Yeh, I do. I know that fellow—what's his name, Isaac Hayes?—he does a real nice song called "The Other Woman." I believe that's the title to it. It's on his album. I think it's on his new one. I don't believe he wrote it, though.

Otis Redding was playing at the Whiskey A Go Go, a couple years ago, you come in and talked to Otis. What was that all about?

He was gonna do "Just Like A Woman." I played him a dub of it. I think he mighta cut it for a demo... I don't think he ever recorded it, though. He was a fine man.

Why did you think "Just Like A Woman" would be a good song for him to do?

Well I didn't necessarily think it was a good song for him to do, but he asked me if I had any material. It just so happened that I had the dubs from my new album. So we went over and played it. I think he took a dub... that was the first and only time I ever met him.

I take it that you dug Otis real well. Are there any other soul singers that you dig as much as Otis?

You mean rhythm and blues pop?

Well, you know I've always liked Mavis Staples ever since she was a little girl.

—Continued



JIM MARSHALL

DYLAN

She's always been my favorite . . . she's always had my favorite voice.

Have you heard their new *Star* album?

I heard one of those . . . the ones they're doing with other people. Yeah, I heard that, that one that Pop Staples did. (laughs) It's ridiculous. Oh, Steve Cropper did do a nice song on that album . . . that he wrote, called "Water."

On his own album?

No, not on his own album. On the *Jammed Together* album. I find it interesting seeing . . . Mr. Staples being referred to as "Pop." (laughter)

Have you heard the Steve Cropper solo album?

Yeah, I heard that too.

Do you like that?

Sure. I've always dug Steve Cropper . . . his guitar playing. Ever since the first Booker T. record. I heard that back in the Midwest. Yeah, everybody was playing like him.

What records of Otis did you dig?

I've got one that contained that song where he was born in a tent by the river—(hum and sings) "A Change Is Gonna Come." Yeah, I like that one.

What is your day-to-day life like?

Hummm . . . there's no way I could explain that to you, Jann. Every day is different. Depends on what I'm doing.

Do you paint a lot?

Well, I may be fiddling around with the car or I may be painting a boat, or . . . possibly washing the windows. I just do what has to be done. I play a lot of music, when there's a call in . . . I'm always trying to put shows together, which never come about. I don't know what it is, but sometimes we get together and I say, "Okay, let's take six songs and do 'em up." So we do six songs, we got 'em in, let's say, 40 minutes . . . we got a stopwatch timing 'em. But I mean nothing happens to it. We could do anything with it, but I mean . . .

Boy, I hurried . . . I hurried for a long time. I'm sorry I did. All the time you're hurrying, you're not really as aware as you should be. You're trying to make things happen instead of just letting it happen. You follow me?

That's the awkwardness of this interview.

Well, I don't find anything awkward about it. I think it's going real great.

The purpose of any interview is to let the person who's being interviewed unload his head.

Well, that's what I'm doing.

And trying to draw that out is . . .

Boy, that's a good . . . that'd be a great title for a song. "Unload my head. Going down to the store . . . going down to the corner to unload my head." I'm gonna write that up when I get back. (laughter) "Going to Tallahassee to unload my head."

What do you think can happen with your career as a singer?

What are the possibilities?

Go on the road, continue to make records . . . for instance, do you foresee continuing to make records?

If they're enjoyable. I'm going to have to receive a certain amount of enjoyment out of my work pretty soon. I'd like to keep a little closer to the studios than I am now. It's awful hard for me to make records when I've got to go 4,000 miles away, you know? Like I say, when you do have these companies around who're just there to serve . . .

Are you thinking of moving to Nashville? I mean that would be . . .

Well, if I moved to Nashville, I'd still have to book studio time, wouldn't I?

But still, you'd have the accessibility of the session men and the engineers . . .

That's true. But I'd have to do everything with that same sound, wouldn't I? I couldn't really use a variety of techniques.

Can you see a time when you would stop making records?

Well, let's put it this way: making a record isn't any more than just recording a song, for me. Well, that's what it's been up 'til now. Not necessarily going into the studio for any other reason than to record a song. So, if I was to stop writing songs, I would stop recording. Or let's say, if I was to stop singing, I guess I would stop recording. But I don't foresee that. I'll be recording, 'cause that's a way for me to unload my head.

You said in one of your songs on *Highway 61* . . . "I need a dump truck,

mama, to unload my head." Do you still need a dump truck or something? (laughter)

What album was that?

It was on *Highway 61*. What I'm trying to ask is what are the changes that have gone on between the time you did *Highway 61* and *Nashville Skyline* or *John Wesley Harding*?

The changes. I don't think I know exactly what you mean.

How has life changed for you? Your approach to . . . your view of what you do . . .

Not much. I'm still the same person. I'm still uhh . . . going at it in the same old way. Doing the same old thing.

Do you think you've settled down, and slowed down?

I hope so. I was going at a tremendous speed . . . at the time of my *Blonde on Blonde* album, I was going at a tremendous speed.

How did you make the change? The motorcycle accident?

I just took what came. That's how I made the changes. I took what came.

What do they come from?

What was what coming from? Well, they come from the same sources that everybody else's do. I don't know if it comes from within oneself anymore than it comes from without oneself. Or outside of oneself. Don't you see what I mean? Maybe the inside and the outside are both the same. I don't know. But, I feel it just like everyone else. What's that old line—there's a line from one of those old songs out . . . "I can recognize it in others, I can feel it in myself." You can't say that's from the inside or the outside, it's like both.

What people do you think from the outside have influenced a change?

Uhh . . . what change are you talking about?

The change from *Highway 61* to *Nashville Skyline*.

I'm not probably as aware of that change as you are, because I haven't listened to that album *Highway 61* . . . I'd probably do myself a lot of good going back and listening to it. I'm not aware of that change. I probably could pinpoint it right down if I heard that album, but I haven't heard it for quite a while.

Are there any old albums that you do listen to?

Well, I don't sit around and listen to my records, if that's what you mean.

Like picking up a high school yearbook, and just . . .

Oh, I love to do that . . . every once in a while. That's the way I listen to my records—every once in a while. Every once in a while I say "Well, I'd like to see that fellow again."

Are there any albums or tracks from the albums that you think now were particularly good?

On any of my old albums?

Uhh . . . As

songs or as

performances?

Songs.

Oh yeah, quite

a few.

Which ones?

Well, if I was performing now . . . if I was making personal appearances, you would know which ones, because I would play them. You know? But I don't know which ones I'd play now. I'd have to pick and choose. Certainly couldn't play 'em all.

Thinking about the titles on *Bringing It All Back Home*.

I like "Maggie's Farm." I always liked "Highway 61 Revisited." I always liked that song. "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Blowing in the Wind" and "Gull From the North Country" and "Boots of Spanish Leather" and "Times They Are A'Changing" . . . I liked "Ramona." . . .

Where did you write "Desolation Row"? Where were you when you wrote that?

I was in the back of a taxi-cab.

In New York?

Yeah.

During the period where you were recording songs with a rock and roll accompaniment, with a full-scale electric band, of those rock and roll songs that you did, which do you like?

The best rock and roll songs . . . which ones are there?

Uhh . . . "Like A Rolling Stone" . . .

Yeah, I probably liked that the best.

And that was the Tom Wilson record . . . how come you never worked

with that collection of musicians again?

Well, Michael Bloomfield, he was touring with Paul Butterfield at that time . . . and I could only get 'im when I could. So I wouldn't wait on Michael Bloomfield to make my records. He sure does play good, though. I missed having him there, but what could you do?

In talking about the songs as performances, which of the performances that you did, that were recorded . . .

I like "Like A Rolling Stone" . . . I can hear it now, now that you've mentioned it, I like that sound. You mean, which recorded performances?

Yeah, I mean in your performance of the song . . .

Oh . . . I like some of them on the last record, but I don't know, I tend to close up in the studio. After I've . . . I could never get enough presence on me. Never really did sound like me, to me.

On *Nashville Skyline*, you see a lot of echo, and a lot of limiting. What made you decide to alter your voice technically and use those kind of audio tricks? Rather than doing it more or less flat?

Well, how would you have liked it better? Would you have liked it flat?

I dig the echo.

I do too. I dig the echo myself. That's why . . . we did it that way. The old records do sound flat. I mean there's just a flatness to them, they're like two-dimensional. Isn't that right? Well in this day and age, there's no reason to make records like that.

"Nashville Skyline Rag" was that a jam that took place in a studio, or did you write the lyrics before? . . .

Ummmm . . . I had that little melody quite a while before I recorded it.

There's a cat named Alan Weberman who writes in the *East Village Other*. He calls himself the world's leading Dylanologist. You know him?

No . . . oh, yes, I did. Is this the guy who tears up all my songs?

Well,

he oughta take a rest. He's way off. I saw something he wrote about "All Along the Watchtower," and boy, let me tell you, this boy's off. Not only did he create some type of fantasy—he had Alan Ginsberg in there—he couldn't even hear the words to the song right. He didn't hear the song right. Can you believe that? I mean this fellow couldn't hear the words . . . or something. I bet he's a hard working fellow, though. I bet he really does a good job if he could find something to do but it's too bad it's just my songs, 'cause I don't really know if there's enough material in my songs to sustain someone who is really out to do a big job. You understand what I mean?

I mean a fellow like that would be much better off writing about Tolstoy, or Dostoevsky, or Freud . . . doing a really big analysis of somebody who has countless volumes of writings. But here's me, just a few records out. Somebody devoting so much time to those few records, when there's such a wealth of material that hasn't even been touched yet, or hasn't even been heard or read . . . that escapes me. Does it escape you?

I understand putting time into it, but I read this, in this *East Village Other*, I read it . . . and it was clever. And I got a kick out of reading it (laughter) on some level, but I didn't want to think anybody was taking it too seriously. You follow me?

He's just representative of thousands of people who do take it seriously.

Well, that's their own business. Why don't I put it that way. That's their business and his business. But . . . I'm the source of that and I don't know if it's my business or not, but I'm the source of it. You understand? So I see it a little differently than all of them do.

People in your audience, they obviously take it very seriously, and they look to you for something . . .

Well, I wouldn't be where I am today without them. So, I owe them . . . my music, which I would be playing for them.

Does the intensity of some of the response annoy you?

No. No, I rather enjoy it.

I'm trying to get back to the thing about being a symbol of youth culture, being a spokesman for youth culture . . . what're your opinions or thoughts on that? At some point you pick up the paper or the magazine and find out that this is happening and you know that you're considered like this. That people are watching you for that . . . and you've got to say to yourself, "Am I hung-up?"

Well, not any more than anybody else is, who performs in public. I mean, everyone has his following.

What do you think your following is like?

Well, I think there are all kinds . . . I imagine they're . . . you would probably know just as much about that as I would. You know, they're all kinds of people. I remember when I use to do concerts, you couldn't pin 'em down. All the road managers and the sound equipment carriers, and even the truck drivers would notice how different the audiences were, in terms of individual people. How different they . . . like sometimes I might have a concert and all the same kind of people show up. I mean, what does that mean?

Did you vote for President?

We got down to the polls too late (laughter)

People are always asking about what does this song mean and what does that song mean, and a lot of them seem to be based on some real person, just like any kind of fiction, you expect . . . are there any songs that you can relate to particular people, as having inspired the song?

Not now I can't.

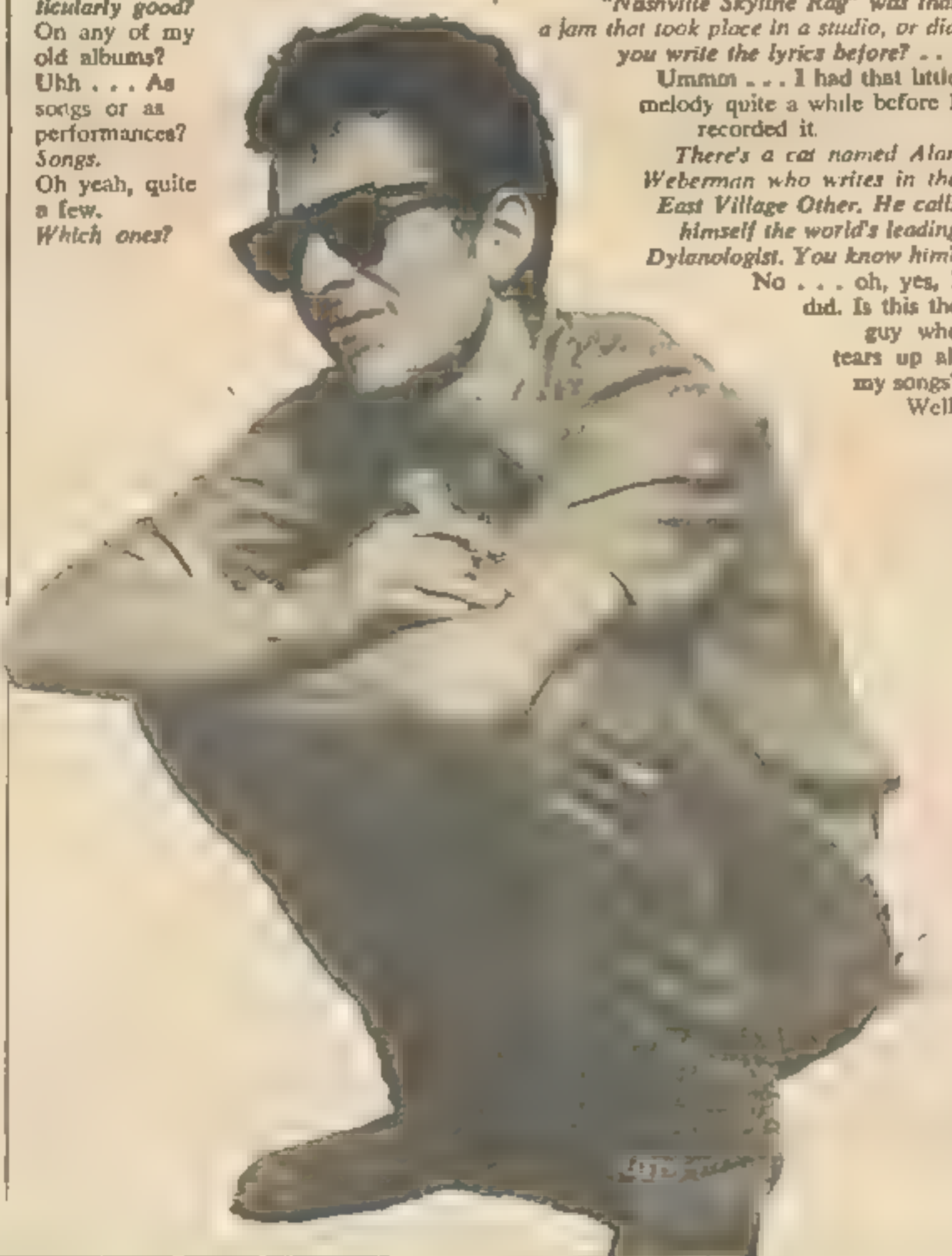
What do you tell somebody who says, "What is 'Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat' about?"

It's just about that. I think that's something I mighta taken out of the newspaper. Mighta seen a picture of one in a department store window. There's really no more to it than that. I know it can get blown up into some kind of illusion. But in reality, it's no more than that. Just a leopard skin pillbox. That's all.

How did you come in contact with the Band?

Well, There used to be this young lady that worked up at Al Grossman's office—her name was Mary Martin, she's from Canada. And she was a rather persevering soul, as she hurried around

—Continued on Next Page



JIM MARSHALL

DYLAN

the office on her job; she was a secretary; did secretarial work, and knew all the bands and all the singers from Canada. She was from Canada. Anyway, I needed a group to play electric songs.

Where did you hear them play?

Oh, I never did hear them play. I think the group I wanted was Jim Burton and Joe Osborne. I wanted Jim Burton, and Joe Osborne to play bass, and Mickey Jones. I knew Mickey Jones, he was playing with Johnny Rivers. They were all in California, though. And there was some difficulty in making that group connect. One of them didn't want to fly, and Mickey couldn't make it immediately, and I think Jim Burton was playing with a television group at that time.

He used to play with Ricky Nelson?

Oh, I think this was after that. He was playing with a group called the Shindogs, and they were on television. So he was doing that job. Anyway, that was the way it stood, and Mary Martin kept pushing this group who were out in New Jersey—I think they were in Elizabeth, New Jersey or Hartford, Connecticut, or some town close to around New York. She was pushing them, and she had two of the fellows come up to the office, so we could meet. And it was no more . . . no more, no less. I just asked them if they could do it and they said they could (laughs). These two said they could. And that was how it started. Easy enough, you know.

How come you never made an album with them?

We tried. We cut a couple sides in the old New York Columbia studios. We cut two or three and right after "Positively 4th Street," we cut some singles and they didn't really get off the ground. You oughta hear 'em. You know, you could find 'em. They didn't get off the ground. They didn't even make it on the charts.

Consequently, I've not been back on the charts since the singles. I never did much care for singles, 'cause you have to pay so much attention to them. Unless you make your whole album full of singles. You have to make them separately. So I didn't really think about them too much that way.

But, playing with the Band was a natural thing. We have a real different sound. Real different. But it wasn't like anything heard. I heard one of the records recently . . . it was on a jukebox "Please Crawl Out Your Window."

That was one of them? What were the others?

There were some more songs out of that same session . . . "Sooner or Later"—that was on *Blonde on Blonde*. That's one of my favorite songs.

What role did you play in the "Big Pink" album, the album they made by themselves.

Well, I didn't do anything on that album. They did that with John Simon.

Did you play piano on it or anything?

No.

What kind of sound did you hear when you went in to make John Wesley Harding?

I heard the sound that Gordon Lightfoot was getting, with Charlie McCoy and Kenny Buttrey. I'd used Charlie and Kenny both before, and I figured if he could get that sound, I could. But we couldn't get it. (laughs) It was an attempt to get it, but it didn't come off. We got a different sound . . . I don't know what you'd call that . . . it's a muffled sound.

There used to be a lot of friction in the control booth, on these records I used to make. I didn't know about it, I wasn't aware of them until recently. Somebody would want to put limiters on this and somebody would want to put an echo on that, someone else would have some other idea. And myself, I don't know anything about any of this. So I just have to leave it up in the air. In someone else's hands.

The friction was between the engineer and the producer . . .

No, the managers and the advisors and the agents.

Do you usually have sessions at which all these people are there, or do you prefer to close them up?

Well, sometimes there's a whole lot of people. Sometimes you can't even move there's so many people . . . other times, there's no one. Just the musicians.

Which is more comfortable for you?

Well, it's much more comfortable when there's . . . oh, I don't know, I could

have it both ways. Depends what kind of song I'm gonna do. I might do a song where I want all those people around. Then I do another song, and have to shut the lights off, you know?

Was "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowland" originally planned as a whole side?

That song is an example of a song it started out as just a little thing, "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowland," but I got carried away, somewhere along the line, I just sat down at a table and started writing. At the session itself, and I just got carried away with the whole thing . . . I just started writing and I couldn't stop. After a period of time, I forgot what it was all about, and I started trying to get back to the beginning. (laughs) Yeah.

Did you plan to go down and make a double record set?

No. Those things just happen when you have the material.

Do you like that album?

Blonde on Blonde? Yeah. But like I always think that a double set could be made into a single album. But I dug *Blonde on Blonde* and the Beatles thing. They are like huge collections of songs. But a real great record can usually be compacted down . . . although the Beatles have that album, and *Blonde on Blonde* . . . I'm glad that there's two sides, that there's that much . . .

How long did that take to record?

Blonde on Blonde? Well I cut it in between. I was touring and I was doing it whenever I got a chance to get into the studio. So it was in the works for awhile. I could only do maybe two or three songs at a time.

How long did John Wesley Harding take?

You mean how many sessions? That took three sessions, but we did them in a month. The first two sessions were maybe three weeks to a month apart, and the second one was about two weeks from the third.

John Wesley Harding—why did you call the album that?

Well, I called it that because I had that song, "John Wesley Harding." It didn't mean anything to me. I called it that, Jann, 'cause I had the song "John Wesley Harding," which started out to be a long ballad. I was gonna write a ballad on . . . like maybe one of those old cowboy . . . you know, a real long ballad. But in the middle of the second verse, I got tired. I had a tune, and I didn't want to waste the tune, it was a nice little melody, so I just wrote a quick third verse, and I recorded that.

But it was a silly little song (laughs).

I mean, it's not a commercial song, in any kind of sense. At least, I don't think it is. It was the one song on the album which didn't seem to fit in. And I had it placed here and there, and I didn't know what I was gonna call the album anyway. No one else had any ideas either I placed it last and I placed it in the middle somewhere, but it didn't seem to work. So somehow that idea came up to just put it first and get done with it right away, and that way when it comes up, no one'll . . . you know, if someone's listening to "All Along the

of people said that to me, but I knew it in front. I knew people were gonna listen to that song and say that they didn't understand what was going on, but they would've singled that song out later, if we hadn't called the album *John Wesley Harding* and placed so much importance on that, for people to start wondering about it . . . if that hadn't been done, that song would've come up and people would have said it was a throw-away song. You know, and it would have probably got in the way of some other songs.

See, I try very hard to keep my songs from interfering with each other. That's all I'm trying to do. Place 'em all out on the disc. Sometimes it's really annoying to me, when I listen to all these dubs; I listen to one, and then I put on another one, and the one I heard before is still on my mind. I'm trying to keep away from that.

Why did you choose the name of the outlaw John Wesley Harding?

Well, it fits in tempo. Fits right in tempo. Just what I had at hand.

What other titles did you have for the album?

Not for that one. That was the only title that came up for that one. But for the *Nashville Skyline* one, the title came up *John Wesley Harding, Volume II*. We were gonna do that . . . the record company wanted to call the album *Love Is All There Is*. I didn't see anything wrong with it, but it sounded a little spooky to me . . .

What about Blonde on Blonde?

Well, that title came up when . . . I don't even recall how exactly it came up, but I do know it was all in good faith. It has to do with just the word I don't know who thought of that. I certainly didn't.

Of all the albums as albums, excluding your recent ones, which one do you think was the most successful in what it was trying to do? Which was the most fully realized, for you?

I think the second one. The second album I made.

Why?

Well, I got a chance to . . . I felt real good about doing an album with my own material. My own material and I picked a little on it, picked the guitar, and it was a big Gibson—I felt real accomplished on that. "Don't Think Twice." Got a chance to do some of that. Got a chance to play in open tuning . . . "Oxford Town," I believe that's on that album. That's open tun-

ing. I got a chance to do talking blues. I got a chance to do ballads, like "Girl From the North Country." It's just because it had more variety. I felt good at that.

Of the electric ones, which do you prefer?

Well, sound-wise, I prefer this last one. 'Cause it's got the sound. See, I'm listening for sound now.

As a collection of songs?

Songs? Well, this last album maybe means more to me, 'cause I did undertake something. In a certain sense. And . . . there's a certain pride in that.

It was more premeditated than the others? I mean, you knew what you were gonna go after?

Right.

Where did the name Nashville Skyline . . .

Well, I always like to tie the name of the album in with some song. Or if not some song, some kind of general feeling. I think that just about fit because it was less in the way, and less specific than any of the other ones on there.

Certainly couldn't call the album *Lay, Lady Lay*. I wouldn't have wanted to call it that, although that name was brought up. It didn't get my vote, but it was brought up. *Peggy Day*—*Lay, Peggy Day*, that was brought up. A lot of things were brought up. *Tonight I'll Be Staying Here with Peggy Day*. That's another one. Some of the names just didn't seem to fit. *Girl From the North Country*. That was another title which didn't really seem to fit. Picture me on the front holding a guitar and *Girl From the North Country* printed on top (laughs) *Tell Me That It Isn't Peggy Day*. I don't know who thought of that one.

What general thing was happening that made you want to start working with the Band, rather than working solo?

I only worked solo, because there wasn't much going on. There wasn't. There were established people around . . . yeah, *The Four Seasons* . . . there were quite a few other established acts. But I worked alone because it was easier to. Plus, everyone else I knew was working alone, writing and singing. There wasn't much opportunity for groups or bands then; there wasn't. You know that.

When did you decide to get one together, like that? You played at Forest Hills, that was where you first appeared with a band? Why did you feel the time had come?

To do that? Well, because I could pay a backing group now. See, I didn't want to use a backing group unless I could pay them.

Do you ever get a chance to work frequently with the Band? In the country.

Work? Well, work is something else. Sure, we're always running over old material. We're always playing, running over old material. New material . . . and different kinds of material. Testing out this and that.

What do you see yourself as—a poet, a singer, a rock and roll star, married man . . .

All of those. I see myself as it all. Married man, poet, singer, songwriter, custodian, gatekeeper . . . all of it. I'll be it all I feel "confined" when I have to choose one or the other. Don't you?

You're obligated to do one album a year?

Yes.

Is that all you want to do?

No, I'd like to do more. I would do dozens of them if I could be near the studio. I've been just lazy, Jann. I've been just getting by, so I haven't really thought too much about putting out anything really new and different.

You've heard the Joan Baez album of all your songs . . .

Yeah, I did . . . I generally like everything she does.

Are there any particular artists that you like to see do your

songs? Yeah, Elvis Presley. I liked Elvis Presley. Elvis Presley recorded a song of mine. That's the one recording I treasure the most . . . it was called "Tomorrow Is A Long Time." I wrote it but never recorded it.

Which album is that on?

Kismet

I'm not familiar with it at all.

He did it with just guitar.

Watchtower" and that comes up, and they'll say, "Wow, what's that?" (laughs)

You knew that cowboy . . .

I knew people were gonna be brought down when they heard that, and say "Wow, what's that?" You know a lot





PH. A. R. HALL



Allen Ginsberg (left) & Gregory Corso at Jack Kerouac's funeral

JEFF ALBERTSON

THERE IS REALLY NOTHING INSIDE

By ERIC EHLMANN
and STEPHEN DAVIS

LOWELL, MASS.—A small placard in the front hallway of the A. Archambault & Sons Funeral Parlor, one of a string of funeral homes along Pawtucket Avenue in this dreary mill town, directed mourners to the back room where the wake for Jack Kerouac was being held.

Jack Kerouac's people were all there in their Sunday best, sharp-featured French-Canadian people. Old ladies gushed and moaned in French *patois*, their heads bobbing up and down as they gossiped about what Father Morrisette had told the young Kerouac many years before. They were cordial enough.

One led the way down a small hallway and around a corner to meet one of Jack's friends, Allen Ginsberg, who sat comforting Kerouac's wife, Stella. Peter Orlovsky, Ginsberg's constant companion and fellow poet, was taking a drink from the electric water cooler. A small toothless man in a gigantic blue overcoat paced nervously about, his thick black hair tousled, blue sunglasses peering anxiously about. It was Gregory Corso, the poet who had been right there, in New York and San Francisco and everywhere, with Kerouac and Ginsberg and the others, from the start.

Arms pressed tight to his body, head down, shoulders hunched, Corso stalked the room in perfect 1950s beat style, as if he still lives that crazed agony. He kept asking those "What should I do now?" looks at Ginsberg.

Orlovsky and Ginsberg led the way to have a look at Kerouac. "You must see him," Ginsberg said. "He looks like a happy clay Buddha."

Jack Kerouac, dead at 47, of a massive abdominal hemorrhage, on October 21. He symbolized an era. Whether or not his friend John Clellon Holmes was first to call it the Beat Generation in print, Holmes later attributed the term to Kerouac. "Thus," Kerouac told Holmes in 1948, "is really a beat generation." Nobody was in a better position to know.

They had laid out his body in a grey houndstooth sports jacket (at least one size too small), a yellow shirt and red bow tie with white pin dots. His face, heavily made-up, waxy and dull, had been molded into a cheery, vacant smile. The silver rosary clutched between his hands was faintly discolored by the heavy makeup caked upon his fingers.

"Touch him," said Ginsberg. "There's really nothing inside."

Not surprisingly, Kerouac's forehead was quite cold to the touch.

"Thus," Ginsberg continued, "is exactly the way he wanted it. Listen." He read aloud from Kerouac's *Mexico City Blues*. Ginsberg's manner was entirely

reverent, this was his service over the body Orlovsky fought back the tears.

Among the wreaths was a very special one that Ginsberg and Orlovsky had brought. A typical wreath, really, except for the senders, whose names — Bill, Terry, Allen and Peter — were spelled out in glittery sequins. (William Burroughs, Terry Southern, Ginsberg and Orlovsky.)

As Ginsberg departed the bier, Corso came over, ill at ease, that same wild Lower East Side-Brooklyn huckster rap from the coffee house poetry readings of the 50s, and asked "What are the young people saying about Jack?"

He shuffled back and forth, talking more than he listened. The old Village style. For Corso, the young people are another group—a set of people he does not know. He does not know what they are saying about Jack. The young people have rock and roll as their common shared experience. Kerouac and Corso and Ginsberg broke on through to the other side, kicked out the jams, long before any of those ideas ever passed through the heads of Jim Morrison or the MC5 or the Rolling Stones. They were on the road and turning on a decade before the drop out/tune in/tune on litany was first sounded.

The following morning, Friday, was the day of the funeral, in the Pirois St. Jean Baptiste Church. The weather was unseasonably cold for the New England October, in fact, it was the coldest day in months. The pallbearers (Kerouac's relatives, Ginsberg, and a man dressed as an Italian gangster who was uptight at the sight of so many cameras, from Gregory Corso's Bolex to about twenty Kodak Instamatics and Brownies that kept flitting about) all wore overcoats. Corso was filming the entire funeral, panning up and down the sub-Gothic facade of St. Jean and back to Ginsberg carrying the coffin. He said he was doing it for himself.

One missing figure at the funeral was Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City Lights bookstore was Kerouac's mailing address during the quintessential San Francisco years of Beat. "I don't like funerals," Ferlinghetti said later. "I've been asked by all sorts of big publications to write something about Jack. I can't do that. I don't write about dead men. They should have done something for him two years ago, when he needed it."

The gunmetal black casket was trundled toward the altar on a good-sized coffin dolly with the trademark *Lurak* embossed on its dies. A nice touch.

Father Armand Morrisette celebrated mass for Kerouac's soul in front of a congregation whose majority hadn't been inside a church in years, except to see an avant-garde play in the basement. During the offertory someone quietly

speculated whether the body had been flown up from Florida, where Kerouac had died. A writer from a Cambridge weekly said that he had heard that the corpse had to be forcibly restrained from hitching up the coast by itself.

It might seem out of character for one of the Beat Generation's most renowned sons to be the object of the church's traditional religiosity. But Kerouac had always walked with Jesus, in his way. The Jesus of Sunday school atonement and redemption, "Horrors of the Jesus Christ of passion plays," wrote Kerouac in *Doctor Sax*, "in his shrouds and vestments of saddest doom mankind in the Cross Weep for Thieves and Poverty he was at the foot of my bed pushing it one dark Saturday night (on Hildreth & Litley second floor flat full of Eternity outside)—either He or the Virgin Mary stooped with phosphorescent profile and horror, pushing my bed."

In his address to the congregation, Fr. Morrisette said, in part, "Jack Kerouac embodied something of man's search for freedom; he refused always to be boxed in by the pettiness of the world. He had what Allen Ginsberg called 'the exquisite honesty,' the guts to express and live his ideas. Now he is on the road again, going on further, as he said, 'alone by the waters of life.' Our hope and prayer is that he has found complete liberation."

During his last days in Lowell, before he moved to St. Petersburg, Florida, to look after his invalid mother, he would walk into Mello's Bar, and bellow at the top of his lungs—"I'm Jack Kerouac!"—as if he had to prove it to himself. He had never played along with the beatnik hype that the media lavished upon some of his cronies.

Now, nearing his 50th year, Kerouac had become a lonely, embittered man, increasingly unsure of himself and upset with the world he saw around him. He was cut off. A dreadfully corny middle-aged gag-word—"bippie," from TV's *Rowan & Martin Laugh In*—even figured in the title of his last published writing. It was called "I'm A Bippie in the Middle," it was published in the *Washington Post*, and it spoke his nightmare vision plainly if not clearly.

I think I'll drop out—Great American Tradition—Dart Boone, U. S. Grant, Mark Twain—I think I'll go to sleep and suddenly in my deepest inadequacy nightmares wake up haunted and see everyone in the world as inconsolable orphans yelling and screaming on every side to make arrangements for making a living yet all bespattered and gloomed-up in the nightsoil of poor body and soul all present and accounted for as some kind of sneakish, craft gift, and all so lonered.

In his last years, his wife says, Jack Kerouac became a heavy drinker, a steady

dope-smoker and tended to flip out often. There is a definite sense in his novels—in *On the Road*, *The Subterraneans*, *Dr. Sax*, certainly—that Kerouac was a free man. But he lost that freedom. Almost totally alienated from the free generation of the 1960s that he had, in a way, prophesied during the 1950s, the hippies and the dope freaks pissed him off. He grumbled in "I'm a Bippie in the Middle"—

"Really, so what's new if they would like to see to it that under Timothy Leary's guiding proselytization no one in America could address a simple envelope or keep a household budget or a check-book balanced or for that matter legible. Ah, so what if they don't believe in the written word which is the only way to keep the record straight?"

As the mourners poured out of the church into the blinding reflection of the sun on the stone steps, Corso filming every move, a reporter sidled up to Jimmy Breslin and asked him what the reaction was to Kerouac's death in New York. Breslin said he didn't really know. But Breslin had some definite ideas about Kerouac the writer. "Yeah," he said, "you can say he opened a lot of doors for a lot of people. Tom Wolfe, Miler a little bit. Nobody was publishing his kind of stuff in the fifties and then all of a sudden in '57, *On the Road* hit. He opened a lot of doors."

By now the cortege was pulling away for the cemetery. But the supposedly in-violate single file of cars, lights on, was quickly broken up by a huge oil truck making a quick turn to catch a light. The driver didn't seem to like the beatniks, so he stayed in line.

TV cameras caught the action at graveside: the cranes lowering the casket into the freshly dug earth. Corso filmed it, too, right on top of it, two feet from the grave. He tilted the big 16 MM camera right down into the hole, all the way, until Kerouac's casket settled into place.

Ginsberg lofted a handful of dirt onto the coffin as workmen shoveled away. A few other mourners followed suit with their handfuls, but most simply watched. The TV crews were packing up, the daily press men were departing, and it seemed like it had really ended a long time ago.

Allen Ginsberg, himself the model for various characters in Kerouac's works, had already said it at Yale a couple of days earlier. Speaking to an audience at Yale, Ginsberg said that Kerouac "broke open the fantastic solidity in America as solid as the Empire State Building—that turned out not to be solid at all. His vision was what the universe as we will experience it is—golden ash, blissful emptiness, a product of our own grasping speed."

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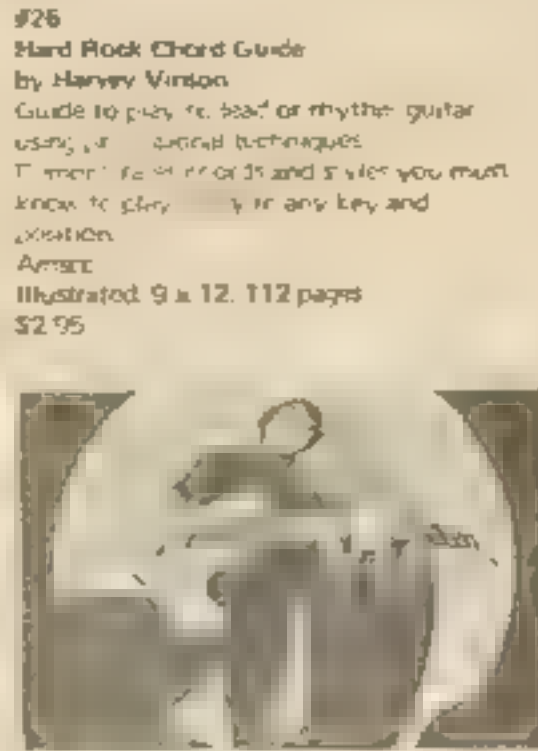
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BOOKS

Elegy for A
Desolation Angel

BY LESTER BANGS

My woman called and woke me early this morning, pulling me from strange diffuse dreams to tell me that Jack Kerouac had died of a hernia at the age of 47. I rolled over and stared at the wall; I had dreamed this very night of finding a portfolio of Kerouac's unpublished manuscript in a dusty pawn shop.

Jack was in so many ways a spiritual father of us all, as much as Lenny Bruce or Dylan or any of them. He was among the first artists to broadcast to the world this new sensibility aborning these last two decades, a sensibility which first began to take shape about the time many of us were born. He describes it in *The Origins of the Beat Generation*: "Anyway, the hipsters, whose music was bop, they looked like criminals, but they kept talking about the things I liked, long outlines of personal experience and vision, nightlong confessions full of hope that had become illicit and repressed by War, stirrings, rumblings of a new soul (that same old human soul)... By 1948 it began to take shape. That was a wild vibrating year when a group of us would walk down the street and yell hello and even stop and talk to anybody that gave us a friendly look."

The first hipsters were a far cry from the affected zombielike "cool" stance which came to predominate later. Like the best aspects of the Sixties' hip movement and Kerouac himself, they represented the apotheosis of American individuality and rascally exuberance, "a wild yea-saying overburst of American joy." In the late Forties Kerouac fell in with a group of these madmen at Columbia University. Their names were destiny: Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and the greatest, wildest yea-sayer of them all, Neal Cassady, a legendary car-thief, baller and sometime speedfreak who rushed about seeking experience with an exhilaration and thirst for life which seemed superhuman. Cassady was the "Dean Moriarty" of Kerouac's great book *On the Road*, an American classic whose hero, like a 20th Century Huck Finn, races back and forth across America with blonde carhop pickups in stolen jalopies, through Rocky Mountain dawns and neon New York midnights, a wild gleam of unquenchable excitement in his eyes as he tears off great raw chunks of experience and devours them whole, shouting "Yes, yes, yes!" at each new revelation.

It was Cassady who served as the primal prototype for a whole generation of mad meat-joy hipsters and hippies, but it was Kerouac who gave this prototype to the world in his writings, as when he compared the dropout folk-hero Cassady to the cynical New York Intellectual crowd which included Burroughs and Ginsberg: "But Dean's intelligence was every bit as formal and shining and complete, without the tedious intellectualness. And his 'criminality' was not something that sulked and sneered; it was a wild yea-saying outburst of American joy; it

was Western, the West wind, an ode from the Plains, something new, long prophesied, long a-coming (he only stole cars for joy rides). Besides, all my New York friends were in the negative, nightmare position of putting down society and giving their own tired bookish or political or psychoanalytical reasons, but Dean just raced in society, eager for bread and love; he didn't care one way or the other, 'so long's I can get that lil ole gal with that lil sumpin down there tween her legs, boy,' and 'so long's we can eat, son, y'ear me? I'm hungry, I'm starving, let's eat right now!'"

It was this heart-pounding intoxicated love of life which represented the precious essence that was the best of both the Beat and the Hip movements, and which has today become so rare as we move into the renaissance's jaded aftermath of mindless political violence and the drug-drenched numbness of psych-

overload. But not even its avatars could sustain this joy through the cold pudding of the Fifties and the psychic dislocations of the Sixties. Kerouac himself went on to write a string of beautiful but little-recognized books: *The Subterraneans*, which he wrote in three days (and Kerouac was the first and greatest of those to write literature akin to the sound and feeling and spirit of rock and roll), was the tender and achingly poetic account of a love affair with a spade chick in San Francisco. *Doctor Sax* and *Visions of Gerard* were impressionistic of the sweet nightmares of childhood, where Kerouac's beautifully-drawn deities were Doctor Sax, the sinister shrouded slouch-hat dwarf who slinks through the rainy night of old horror movies laughing that crazy Shadow laugh "mwec hee hee ha ha haaa," and sauntily Gerard, his older brother who died at the age of nine and contributed much to Kerouac's gentle



Jack Kerouac at the height of the Beat era with San Francisco poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti (top, 1959) and in New York (middle, same year). At bottom is the hearse that bore his body to the cemetery, 1969.



FRED MCDARLAIN



PETER SIMON

Catholic mysticism. *The Dharma Bums* described the early Eastern-religious-and-meditation scene in San Francisco, while *Big Sur* and *Desolation Angels* recorded Kerouac's own disenchantment with and departure from the entire fabric of hip/beat society; perhaps most graphically in the latter book, where he described the scene in Tangiers: "And just like New York or Frisco or anywhere, there they are all bunching around in marijuana smoke, talking, the cool girls with long, thin legs in slacks, the men with goatees, all an enormous drag after all and at the time (1957) not even started yet officially with the name of 'Beat Generation.' To think that I had so much to do with it, too, in fact that very moment the manuscript of *Road* was being linotyped for imminent publication and I was already sick of the whole subject. Nothing can be more dreary than 'coolness' (not [Allen] cool or [Burroughs], or [Peter Orlovsky's], which is natural quietness) but postured, actually secretly rigid coolness that covers up the fact that the character is unable to convey anything of force or interest, a kind of sociological coolness soon to become a fad up into the mass of middleclass youth... Later I'm back in New York sitting around with [Allen] and [Peter] and [Gregory Corso]... and now we're famous writers more or less, but they wonder why I'm so sunk now, so unexcited as we sit among all our published books and poems... A peaceful sorrow at home is the best I'll ever be able to offer the world, in the end, and so I told my *Desolation Angels* goodbye. A new life for me."

Kerouac published few books in the Sixties, his inspiration declining along with his subject matter and the excitement of his prose, and in 1967 he finally gave up the road and all the rest of it to marry a woman who owned a laundromat and settle down in New England. Burroughs, and especially Ginsberg, are now world-famous, almost more for the legends that have grown up around them than their writings, but only Cassady pushed the high hot lifestyle that the group of them pioneered on to a final crackup—as a member of Ken Kesey's acid-pioneering Merry Pranksters, his legend billowed in the underground all over again, but Cassady was now a man in his Forties, still going like some berserk V-8 cylinder cranking on to eternity, which finally received him in February 1967 when his heart stopped forever by a railroad track in Mexico.

Not long after that *Cheetah* magazine ran a full-page picture of Kerouac with his new bride accompanied by a cruel article describing Cassady's death and accusing Kerouac of selling out, going soft and deserting the historic dream they had created. Jack, his French-Catholic soul as gentle as it had ever been since childhood, never replied, and this week he joined Neal in the vast incalculable silence which must claim all our forefathers as the decades fall past like dominoes into bookless eras of daily apocalypse. Good night, Jack—may Gerard and all your white-robed angels sing you tenderly upward-borne forever.



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ROCK & ROLL, REVIVED


PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MARSHALL

For Bill Haley, a thrilling comeback, an eight-minute standing ovation

BY JAN HODENFIELD

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Two performances, both sold out, 1000 people turned away at the second show. Actually, the audiences were largely 1969's own dear trendies. Out to goof on it. One couple, late teens, came in their own masquerade, he in pegged pants and a D.A., she in bobby sox, calf-length ballerina skirt, red lipstick.

But for maybe a third of the audience it was pretty heavy nostalgia. Now in their late twenties-early thirties, they remembered.

Bill Haley and the Comets got the second loudest and longest ovation of the evening when they appeared on stage before a 4500-strong audience at Felt Forum. The loudest and longest ovation of all was when they trooped off after their set. Eight minutes.

During the first show, Haley announced that the group was making its first New York appearance in eleven years. Midway in the second show he said it had been ten years. The program noted that it was the group's first New York appearance in eight years. Pick, pick. It was a thrilling comeback. For them and for the audience.

They bounced out on stage with the elan of a winning bowling team: paunchy, perspiring in their watered silk jackets but, after two years of touring in Britain, Scandinavia, Australia and South America, in shape.

Champions.

That gas station guitar, just like you remember it. The soaring riffs of the tenor sax just as they should have been. The bass player balancing himself in the curve of the instrument while playing it, one leg thrashing in the air, showing that Hendrix fella a thing or two about musical gymnastics. The Comets walloped their way through "Shake, Rattle

and Roll," "Thirteen Women," "See You Later, Alligator," and, of course, "Rock Around the Clock." Haley's spit curl in place all the while.

Beautiful.

The Shirelles, plump in sequins, with choreographed flutters, the Mothers Supreme, flowed with stylized voluptuousness through their hits, "Meet Him On A Sunday," "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow," "Baby, It's You," "Mama Said," "Tonight's The Night." And "Soldier Boy." Which, in 1969, was creepy. The carefully worked out salute worked into the number was, three days after the Moratorium, decadent.

The Coasters, moving with the times as best they could in a nostalgia program, sported Afro-print shirts and frequently flashed the V. They snapped through their AM radio hit parade, "Down in Mexico," "Charlie Brown," "Yakety Yak," "Searchin'," recalling the axiom of the old days: "I like it, you can dance to it."

If there was a certain gallantry in the Coasters' black pride accouterments surrounding their moldy minstrel show standards, there was only bathos in Jimmy Clanton's embarrassment at being surrounded by has-beens. For the audience, the question was how he ever was. But in his own mind he is still a star and he has a new single, just out, "Curly." He ran through "Go Jimmy Go," "Just a Dream," "Venus in Blue Jeans," and twinkling and dimpling, confessed: "Those teenage idol days . . . I really hated that." No doubt Fabian had turned down the show first.

Chuck Berry had already returned to the New York rock scene two years ago. Tired then, he is exhausted now. The eyes are dead. But, like a jiggling puppet with bills to pay, he gives what he has left, "Roll Over Beethoven," "Wee Wee Hours," "Rock and Roll Music," "Johnny B. Goode," "School Days" and rouses good humor with the naughtiness of his "Ding-a-Ling" song.

His desperation asserted itself when he interpreted a signal from the wings during his second set as a sign that he was being hooked from the stage. A sympathetic audience pulled him back on stage and Murray the K, one of the m.c.'s, spread soothing words, but sourness was in the air.



The ubiquitous Mrs. Miller, heretofore unknown as a rock & roll freak, could dig it

It wasn't alleviated by the Platters, a Las Vegas cartoon of what many in the audience remembered of them. Only Tony Williams, the lead singer, remains from the original group responsible for "Only You," "My Prayer," "The Great Pretender." It was great pretense, the soulful simplicity of the original classics covered by slick mannerisms.

Redeeming social value was injected back into the proceedings, finally, by Sha-Na-Na. As with Bill Haley and the Comets, Sha-Na-Na is proud of what it is doing: polishing classics with exuberant tenderness. No bitterness over a faltered career, no resentment at having to hype the past to drum up future bookings. Just the kick of laying out their nursery songs. A little profit, a lot of fun and when Sha-Na-Na is ready for the Golden-Oldies heap its members will have acquired degrees from Columbia University.

Sha-Na-Na brought part of the audience into the aisles, to—honest-to-god—Lindy. Until that point, the police guards had been shifting their weight with disdainful boredom. They pulled themselves together in a hurry. Would there be a teen riot, a rumble, would seats start flying? No. It's almost 1970. The fuzz faked out the audience, Sha-Na-Na departed and everybody cut out.

But as far as producer Richard Nader is concerned it was a revival, not a wake, and he immediately started working on getting a package together to push around the country. Disc jockeys, he says, are calling from all over to get the show for their cities.

Formerly a booking agent for Premier Talent, Nader says he had been working on getting together a revival for four years and really started pushing after Woodstock.

"I felt Woodstock showed," he says, "that underground music had reached a critical plateau, a certain climactic point. Progressive rock could only go sideways or start getting into different forms, like the Who's rock opera *Tommy*. Both musicians and the public have been going through a lull or vacuum similar to the pre-Beatle era.

"In their search for a new form, everyone is re-examining what went before, and taking a look at basic rock of the mid and late '50's. It's a simple, driving big beat and its getting to be prevalent in the current charts. Fifteen of the current top 100 are oldies done over in the new style.

"A re-evolution of basic rock is underway and it will last until a new form comes along. I give it nine or ten months."

HE'S A SHOCKER!
ERIC MERCURY
"ELECTRIC
BLACK MAN"

SHUT UP
AND
MOVE!

UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN
UP, DOWN

STEREO AVE 33001

A NEW ALBUM FROM



A HUNDRED LOCOMOTIVES IN THE ROUNDHOUSE



BY TOM CLARK

The student, Mustapha, was walking on the beach. He was wearing his djellaba and carrying his mottoui and his sebsi. It was mid-day and the sun blazed down on the sand and waves. Mustapha watched the sea birds dive and swoop like blown newspapers. When he stopped and looked back up the beach, he saw the girl. She was wearing a djellaba and carrying a basket. Her djellaba was flapping in the breeze from the ocean. She was walking toward Mustapha, but when she saw him, she stopped and turned to walk back up the beach. Mustapha called out to her, but she kept on walking. Mustapha lit his last cigarette and walked after her. The wind blew the smoke back into his eyes. He stopped.

Above the beach there was a cliff of yellow stone, and set into the base of the cliff were rock caves which the bathers used for shelter. Mustapha went into one of the caves. Coming out of the sun, he was blinded, but he felt the cool moist air of the cave close to his skin. He sat down on a flat stone, and took out his mottoui and his sebsi. When he had finished his cigarette, he flicked it away into a corner of the cave. Then he filled a pipe. He smoked the kif for an hour, and many thoughts ran through his head. The girl came into his head, but she did not enter his heart right away. One hundred and one subtle ways come from the head. But only one of them enters the heart. Even so, the time passed slowly. Mustapha put the pipe down on a stone and looked out toward the beach. The light was still very bright. He knocked the ash out of the pipe, filled it up with kif and lit it.

When he had smoked many pipes and the light outside was starting to grow dimmer and many thoughts had passed from his head and dispersed into the cool wet air of the cave, Mustapha knew

what he had to do. His head felt calm and steady. He got up and went out of the cave and walked back up the beach to the town. When he got to the town he went to the house of his friend Ali. The streets were almost dark and the town was cool. The muezzins were being called, and the birds circled above the houses. Mustapha told Ali about the girl on the beach. Ali went into an inner room of the house and came out carrying an envelope. "Take this to my cousin, Fatma Salam, and give it to her. She will tell you what to do." Then Ali said that Fatma Salam lived in the Medina, in the Cafe of the Three Horses. Mustapha took the envelope and folded it four times and put it in his djellaba. Then he took out his mottoui and his sebsi. He prepared a pipe, and offered it to Ali. He felt much pleased with the prospects of solving the problem of the girl, and wished to share his pleasure with his friend. Ali accepted graciously. The two smoked many pipes, and outside the stars began to shine. In his heart Mustapha was laughing at the fate of the girl. He was sorry for her, but he knew what he had to do. When one understands things, one is free from bondage. Mustapha felt his freedom whirling in the air like a piece of newspaper blown in the breeze. He said good night to his friend and went out into the street.

When he got to the Cafe of the Three Horses, Mustapha noticed a policeman standing outside. The policeman was talking to the owner of the Cafe. But when he went inside, Mustapha saw only many men drinking tea in silence, and the smoke of many sebsis. There was also music from a phonograph. Mustapha recognized one or two of the men, but instead of greeting them he passed on through the room and went up the stairs at the back of the house. He knocked at Fatma Salam's door.

When he had told her about the girl on the beach, Fatma Salam told Mustapha to wait in her room until the last muezzin had been called. After that, she would take him to the girl. Mustapha thought of the envelope which Ali had told him to give to Fatma Salam, but he said nothing. In freedom there is also power, he thought. But the policeman was still talking to the owner of the Cafe in the street outside. Their words drifted up through the shutters of Fatma Salam's room. Mustapha took his mottoui and his sebsi out of his djellaba, and began to smoke. By the time the last muezzin was called, his head was full of kif. In his heart and his head he felt the strength of a hundred locomotives in the roundhouse. Fatma Salam spoke to him and they went down the stairs and out of the Cafe. The owner of the Cafe was asleep and the streets were quiet. The policeman was gone. Fatma Salam moved swiftly and quietly through the streets. Mustapha followed her. The kif was in his head, and he felt full of its special knowledge. He heard many small noises in the streets which might have been the steps of policemen, but his watchfulness protected him. His senses were full of the watchfulness of the kif. He slipped through the streets behind the shadow of Fatma Salam, his heart and his head full of the lightness of the kif.

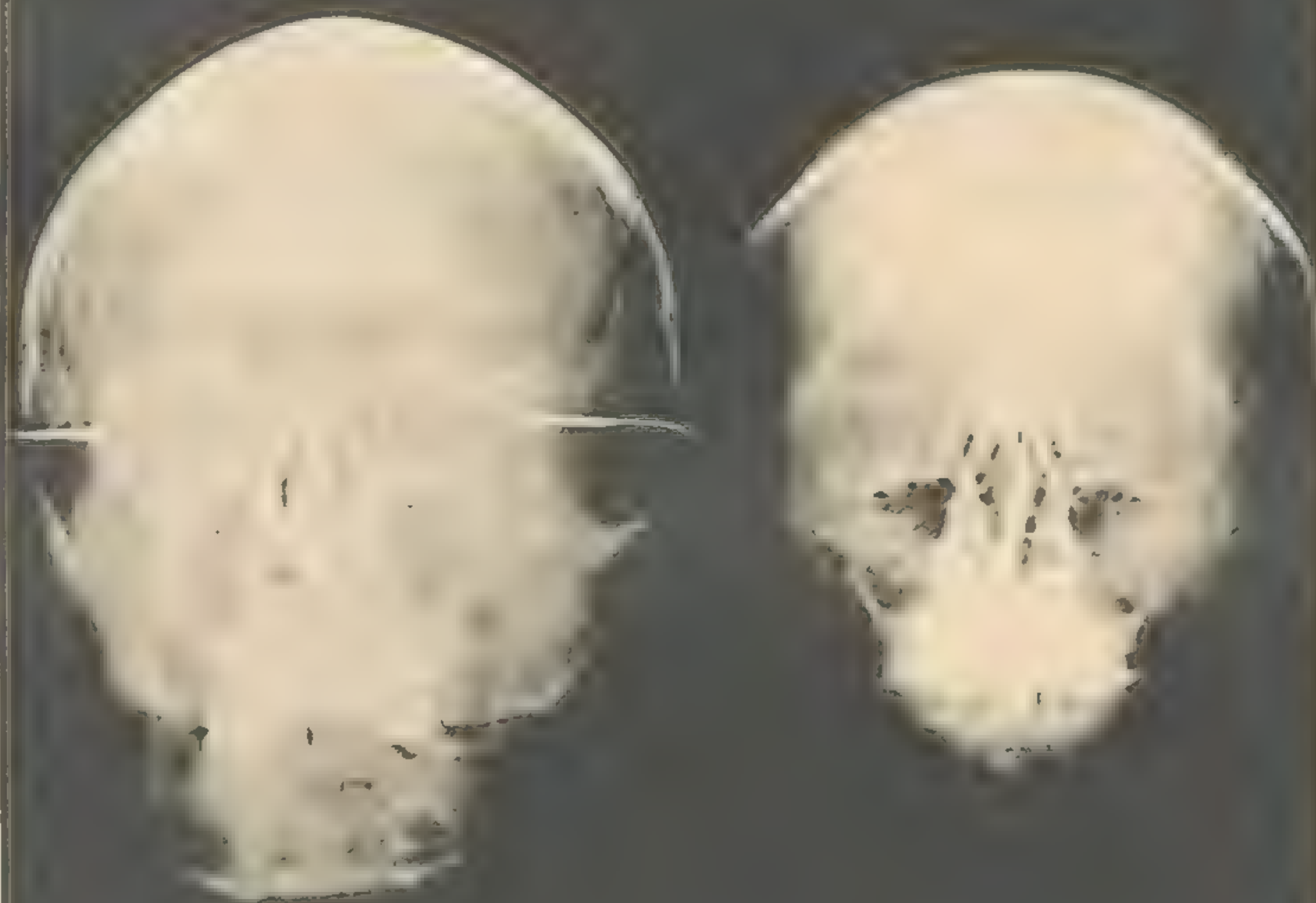
When they got to the girl's house, Fatma Salam gestured to Mustapha to show him the way in, cautiously before vanishing. Mustapha entered the building. It was a small house of only two rooms. In the first room there was no one and Mustapha passed quickly through it to the door of the second room. He looked in and saw the girl asleep on a mat. Her face, unveiled in sleep, looked very beautiful to Mustapha. He went over to the mat and bent down to the girl and smelled the odor of her

body in sleep. He grasped her shoulder and shook it. Her eyes opened immediately and she looked at Mustapha. "Don't make any noise," he said. But his head was full of kif, and he began to smile happily at the girl. "Wake up," he said, "the night is cool." Mustapha could feel a breeze stirring around the room. It reminded him of the wind on the beach, which had caused him to go into the cave. His thoughts seemed to be blowing past his head like the newspapers on the beach. If one of them hit you in the face, you could take it into the cave with you and read the news of the day. At the same time avoiding the heat of the sun! These thoughts began to run together, and all this time the girl was staring at Mustapha from her mat, like an angry bird. But was she angry? The night was cool. Finally the girl asked Mustapha what he wanted. "I saw you on the beach today," he said. "I know," said the girl, "you looked like you had no money." Mustapha said nothing, but took his mottoui out of his djellaba. There was a little bit of kif left in it. He emptied the last of the kif into his sebsi, lit it up and smoked it. The girl kept on staring at him, but his head was empty. The thoughts had stopped running through his head, which pleased him, and he knew what he was going to do. After a while he said, "my friend, Ali, told me to give this to his cousin Fatma Salam. He said she would help me find you." Mustapha took his folded envelope out of his djellaba and handed it to the girl. She opened it up and took out ten dirhams. "There are ten dirhams in this envelope," said the girl. "I know," said Mustapha. The girl put the money back into the envelope, folded it up again, and slipped it under the mat. Mustapha put his mottoui and his sebsi on the floor next to the mat and then, with the kif still in his head, he lay down on the mat next to the girl.

Plastic Ono Band

COLD TURKEY¹⁸¹³

Don't worry Kyoko
(Mummy's only looking for
a hand in the snow)



Ⓢ OUT NOW

CINEMA



Medium Cool

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Medium Cool, directed by Haskell Wexler. Paramount Pictures.

Medium Cool is Haskell Wexler's first movie as a writer-director, and it's a peculiar one, often wonderfully good, sometimes dreadful, always interesting. What seems to have happened is that Wexler got impatient. He tries to Say It All; he ends up saying a great deal more than nothing (right there, a feat that demands admiration and respect), but less than he might have said, had he spoken more slowly and more thoughtfully.

The movie is like one of those sketch-books that Michelangelo used to doodle in before settling down to some serious ceiling-painting. The ideas are there, but they're little more than outlines, arranged this way and that without much relation to each other, not yet pulled together into a coherent whole. Wexler's problem is that he did his sketching on the ceiling. His movie is really three movies, all jumbled together.

The first one is about urbanization and migration from the country to the city: a young widow from the hills of West Virginia comes to Chicago and meets the ultimate city slicker, a television cameraman. The second one is about the Revolution, and such harbingers of impending social collapse as the King and Kennedy assassinations and the 1968 Chicago police riots. And the third is about art vs. life, objectivity vs. involvement, the nature of film—stuff like that.

The first of these three themes never amounts to much. The cameraman's affair with the Appalachian lady presumably has something to do with his growing dissatisfaction with his own detached way of life, but it is never entirely clear why the two of them have gotten together. Nor are we offered much enlightenment as to what effect, if any, life in the city has had on this woman and her little boy.

Wexler does much better when he gets to his second theme, especially in the gripping scenes of the Battle of Chicago. For those of us who were not in Chicago, the memory of those events has been inseparable from the fact that we saw them

on a small, fuzzy, black-and-white screen. Wexler gives them to us in enormous color. In a brilliant article in the *Columbia Journalism Review*, Thomas Whiteside points out that the overwhelming impression of violence in the television coverage of Chicago came not so much from actual violence as from the cutting back and forth between the convention and the chaos in the streets. Wexler too cuts back and forth. It works less well, partly because the immediacy of live television is inevitably absent, and partly because Wexler shows the convention only as a pompous circus, unrelated to what was going on outside. But Wexler makes up for this weakness, if that's what it is, in the vividness of his images, obtained, by the way, at considerable physical risk.

He leaves in the verbal "provocations" which TV blipped, but the effect is the opposite of what one might expect. The cops' actions do not come across as a

red-blooded defense of their mothers' honor; the police beatings seem more, not less, unjustifiable. Compared to the horror of the machine guns in an American street, of fixed bayonets, of blood spurting from a long-haired head—compared to these things, the feeble chant of "Pigs eat shit" seems mild indeed.

In his variations on the third theme Wexler is at his best, and it is these that make *Medium Cool*, whatever its faults, exciting. The notion that the camera is part of the movie—that it is *there*, whether the actors pretend to ignore it or not—is one that many filmmakers have explored in recent years. Godard, for one, has beaten the idea half to death in a series of increasingly boring, gabby films. In *Medium Cool*, though, Wexler uses it as a way of broadening his scope, not narrowing it. A film about a cameraman shooting footage for TV, with a real cameraman always lurking behind, unac-

knowledgeable or acknowledged (in one sequence, a tear gas bomb goes off, and a voice yells, "Look out, Haskell, it's real"), offers many possible vantage points. Wexler pops back and forth among them like a dope smoker zooming through different dimensions of reality.

Medium Cool makes some acute observations of "objectivity" and the reporter's trade. In a marvelous scene about covering a "human interest" story in the ghetto, Robert Forster, who plays the cameraman, captures the guilty sullenness of a reporter caught between the demands of conscience and truth and those of the system which employs him. I've covered similar stories under similar restrictions, and the scene rang true. But it ends on a wildly false note when Forster suddenly starts calling a young black woman "honey." Does Wexler actually believe that a white reporter, trapped in an apartment full of armed militants in the middle of the ghetto, would get fresh with a proud soul sister?

There are too many such lapses, and one of them, alas, ends the movie. It's not fair to tell how movies end, but this one ends so meaninglessly as to evoke no emotion beyond irritation.

And yet, there is much fine craftsmanship here, and there is never a moment when something visually interesting isn't happening on the screen. Other movies have used real places as backdrops for their fictional characters (Benjamin driving over the Bay Bridge in *The Graduate*). Wexler carries this a step further by using real events, such as the Chicago mess, for his "exteriors," and even if it's not quite successful, it's fascinating anyway. There is a nice, unobtrusive score by Mike Bloomfield, and Frank Zappa's songs (from *We're Only In It For The Money*) prevent any phony sentimentality from creeping into scenes of hippies and freaks getting it on.

Medium Cool bristles with ideas, equally as good for talking over later as for seeing the first time. Even if you know nothing about politics or "cinema"—even if you think Godard is the guy who invented rockets—you can get something out of this one.



COMING INTO FOCUS

Frummox



RECORDS

BY GREIL MARCUS

Bobby Darin had three hit records under his belt when he announced his goal in life: "I want to be a legend by the time I'm twenty-five." He didn't make it, but Bob Dylan did. Searching out the sources of every sort of American music—from the rock and roll childhood he shares with his fans to the depression balads our parents might have known, from the apocalypse of Robert Johnson to the city flash of Muddy Waters, from the old testament of the Carter Family to the ageless earth of Johnny Cash—Dylan found what he was looking for, and his impact on the Sixties has been devastating and magnificent. And that impact is perhaps as much a result of Dylan's personal stance as it is a result of his music. Hard to find, hard to find out about, Dylan held back from the usual nonsense and the honest curiosity that surrounds the star and created, perhaps to protect himself, perhaps for fun, a style of resistance, allegory, irony and humor that pervaded both his songs and his appearances in public. And more than ever, the fans could not bear to be without him and musicians could not afford to ignore him. The shifts in Dylan's own musical approach brought havoc to the "styles" of more groups and performers than would like to admit it. "If I didn't dig his stuff so much I'd have to hate him," said one; "In fact, maybe I do hate him anyway." Or as Dylan put it: "I get a friend who spends his life/Stabbing my picture with a bowie knife... I got a million friends."

And yet in eight years he has released only nine albums. The sparing manner in which Bob Dylan has presented both his own charismatic self and his special music to the public has brought about an amazing interest in and collection of rare and unreleased songs and performances. Some search these out because they want to listen, some because they want to hold them in their hands, some because they provide The Key. For whatever the reason, it becomes clear quite quickly that far more material remains unreleased than has ever appeared on Columbia LPs. The *Great White Wonder* records are only a taste of it—forgotten albums from the early Sixties, demos made for publishing companies, basement tapes, session rejects, live performances and songs deleted from LPs or withdrawn from the market—all this and more indicates that the recorded history of Dylan's career has been presented in a form that has been, perhaps, tailored for its impact on us. Ironically, it has been the impression made on us by the music we have been given that makes us want to hear the rest of it.

The "discography" that follows makes no claim to be complete; it's an effort to describe music that has been put down, and the descriptions draw only from the music itself, not from songbooks or word of mouth. It is a chronicle of what is available, formally and informally; what we've missed.

[HARMONICA RECORDS]

In last year's interview with *Sing Out*, Dylan mentioned that his first recordings were made with Big Joe Williams (in an older and more obscure interview Dylan talked about his early rock and roll days—touring with Bobby Vee, and, if you choose to believe all the stories, with Buddy Holly and Bo Diddley as well—and records he cut previous to his arrival in New York). The Williams recordings came about as a result of Bob's meeting with Victoria Spivey, a blues singer who was performing at Gerde's in the Village. Miss Spivey was recording Williams and allowed the young folksinger to perform with his idol. Two cuts remain in the vaults, but two have been released on *Three Kings and the Queen*, Spivey LP 1004 (Williams, Roosevelt Sykes, Lonnie Johnson, V. Spivey). Recorded in 1961, issued 1964, Dylan accompanies Williams on harp for "Wichita" and provides a deep blues back-up vocal for "Sitting On Top of the World."

"When Bobby first hit the Village he wasn't singing Woody Guthrie songs. That came later. That first time, he was



On the Isle of Wight, 1969

ERIC HAYES

into Harry Belafonte." So said an old New York folkie. Thus: *Midnight Special*, Harry Belafonte, RCA LSP 2449, issued May 1962, produced by Hugo Montenegro, with Bob Dylan, harmonica, on one cut, "Midnight Special."

Just before the release of his own first album, Dylan accompanied Carolyn Hester on her first and only Columbia LP. Gorgeous, but hopelessly without talent, Carolyn now heads up the Carolyn Hester Coahnton, a "rock group." *Carolyn Hester*, Columbia CL 1796, Bob Dylan, harmonica.

Sometime in 1963 Dick Farina and Eric Von Schmidt (from "the green pastures of Harvard University...") found themselves in Europe and proceeded to cut an album, "singing, shouting and playing American ballads, work songs, and blues, with Ethan Singer and occasionally Blind Boy Grunt... Blind Boy Grunt showed up from Rome and nobody got much sleep..." The album is rather wretched, but for the record, Dylan plays harp on "Glory, Glory," "You Can't Always Tell," "Christmas Island," and "Cocaine." *Dick Farina and Eric Von Schmidt*, Folklore Records (English), F-LEUT/7 (77 Charming Cross Rd., London WC2. Available in the U.S. at Music Inn, 169 W. 4th St., NYC, \$1.98).

Finally, the old Elektra *Blues Project* set (not the group), EKS 7264, apparently includes Bob ("Bob Landy") on piano for "Downtown Blues." Now, with this out of the way, we can skip to 1969 for—

[JOHNNY CASH AND THE NASHVILLE SKYLINE RAG]

In 1969 The National Educational Television network aired a long documentary on Johnny Cash made by Granada Films. A fine show, it also included

a duet between Dylan and Cash on "One Too Many Mornings." The song was widely taped, and is in wide circulation (it was part of the same session that produced "Girl From the North Country"—released on *Nashville Skyline*—as well as "I Walk the Line," "Wanted Man," "Big River," "Careless Love," and "Understand Your Man," among others.) "One Too Many Mornings," seems to be one of the songs that has aged best for Bob—he was performing it with the Hawks in 1966 (see below) and of course recorded it on *The Times They Are A-Changin'*. The Dylan-Cash version is a bit of a burlesque, especially the final choruses, which go on and on and on. The film showed Dylan cracking up as he listened to the playback.

Dylan returned to Nashville in June of this year to tape his appearance on Cash's first TV show, and included the new "Living the Blues" in his set. As just about everyone who heard it has said, the tune catches the feel of Guy Mitchell's "Singing the Blues." This too was taped by many, and was included on the *Great White Wonder* discs. At the same time, Dylan cut a number of other songs, including "Take A Message To Mary," the old Everly Brothers number, and "Blue Moon," backed by Doug Kershaw on fiddle. One would hope, but doubt, that Bob's version would be patterned after the Marceles' hit—but Elvis' would be alright too. And now on to what this article is really about.

[THE MINNESOTA TAPES—OFF HIGHWAY 61]

Back in December, 1961, Bob Dylan recorded twenty-six songs in a hotel in Minneapolis. In this voluminous session, he put down a good bit of his repertoire—a young artist searching out his own material, perhaps for an audition tape to

be used to gain jobs or as preparation for a recording date. Having returned to Minnesota from New York, the tapes reflect things Dylan most likely learned from Dave Van Ronk, and others as well as songs that might have been picked up in any part of the country. There's a much greater range in this session than in the material that eventually surfaced as Dylan's first album. There is little sense of "packaging" or image; from the old Lord Buckley rap about Hezekiah Jones to the pounding gospel-rock of "Wade in the Water," from the clumsy, happy "Sally Gal" to the difficult "Man of Constant Sorrow," this is a young man attempting to understand American music, and beginning to succeed.

A brief run-down, with highlights: (1) "Candy Man." (2) "Baby Please Don't Go"—one of Dylan's best blues performances—a stinging, harsh vocal and rough, rhythmic guitar, with a bass drum pushing it on. Very similar to the brilliant hit version by Them. This number would have shaken up a lot of people had it been included on Dylan's first LP. (3) "Hard Times In New York"—Dylan finds the big city unpleasant and polluted, yearns for wide open spaces, etc. (4) "Stealin'"—Bob's version of the old blues theme of infidelity; rough, clumsy, and a lot of fun.

(5) "Poor Lazarus"—the depth of talent that made Dylan a young sensation begins to come clear on this number. It is simply not that easy for a twenty-year-old to sing a song about death and treachery and carry it off, but Dylan does it. He could play the roles of fathers and sons as he sang about them, and if he could not yet sing with the presence of Robert Johnson, he was beginning to understand what it might mean to do so. (6) "Ain't Got No Home"—a crude version of the Guthrie song. (7) "It's Hard To Be Blind"—a reworking of the old "It's Hard To Be Poor." "I wrote my own words to it," says Bob. (8) "Dink's Song"—"I learned it from a lady named Dink. I don't know who wrote it." The number has an infectious rhythm; it would make a great rock and roll performance. The drama of Dylan's soft guitar almost makes the listener feel strings have been added—there is that much projection in the take. It's a simple fartheewell, but unspeakably lovely, and a hint of what was to come with "Corinna, Corinna" and "Boots of Spanish Leather." (9) "Man of Constant Sorrow"—another brilliant version of the song included on Dylan's first LP. (10) "East Orange, NJ"—a long shaggy dog story about the perils of being a musician in a hick town. Dylan would never have made it as a stand-up comedian, though. (11) "Only Wise"—a lovely, ancient song of lost love and death. (12) "Wade in the Water"—an up-tempo charged. Today they'd call it "heavy." Dylan's bottle-necking gives the take its guts.

(13) "I Was Young When I Left Home"—"I sorta made it up on a train," Bob says. This is the most brilliant song of the session; an aching, desperate marriage of several traditional songs, and modern themes: "Five Hundred Miles," Bobby Bare's "Detroit City," and others. "It's so blue," said a friend when he heard it. One has the image of a single, solitary young man floating in his mind from station to station, riding whatever train might pass through with the old hope of someday finding someone there to meet him when he gets off at the end of the line. "I was young when I left home... an' I been a ramblin' round... and I never wrote a letter to my home." It has a maturity youth deserves to be spared. (14) "Get Lonesome Sleeping By Yourself"—a mean blues, with dirty, beautifully restrained harp and percussion. (15) "Baby Let Me Follow You Down"—a long, wildly exuberant take of the number that illuminated the first album. (16) "Sally Gal"—"I'm gonna get you, Sally Gal!" Why not? (17) "Gospel Plow"—again, on the first LP. (18) "Long John"—one of those superethnic

—Continued on Page 46

ROCKIN FOO



福

In China 福 means Happiness.
It is the "foo" of Foochow,
the City of Happiness.

HB 5001





Continued from Page 44

Dave Ray train hollers, and pretty dismal. (19) "Cocaine Blues" — not exactly up to the job Dave Van Ronk has done on this, but a lovely, relaxed version of the song every East Coast folksinger had to master "Yonder comes my baby, all dressed in purple/Hey, baby, I wanna see your nipples."

(20, 21, 22 & 23) The Infamous Medley: "VD Blues," "VD Waltz," "VD City" is the best of them — it might remind one of "Heartbreak Hotel" — "The cold horrible dungeons, where the victims of syphilis lie... there's a street named for every disease here, Syph Alley and Clap Avenue... must you pay your way to this city with an hour of passion and vice..." (24) "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean" — repeated on the first album. (25) "Ramblin' Round." (26) "Black Cross" — the Lord Buckley story of a black non-believer from a Southern town, lynched for his honesty. Dylan's vocal mannerisms are a clear debt to or cop from Buckley, but it's a better effort than, say, "The Death of Emmett Till," which Dylan had recorded three months earlier on a radio show for WBAI-FM.

That show was never aired, for some reason; included were Izzy Young, Pete Seeger, Sis Cunningham, and Gil Turner. Dylan performed a song called "The Ballad of Donald White" as well, an interesting tale of a man demanding to be returned to prison because he cannot function in normal society. White kills a man, and is hanged instead of being allowed to find a home in prison. This number prompts Young to announce, in a beautifully patronizing tone, that "this is the first psychological song," which was nonsense, but part of the game that was being played in those days. The interview includes a few other priceless bits, including one where Pete Seeger asks Bob how he writes songs. "Do you just spread out the newspaper in the morning until you find a story that gets you upset?" Bob Dylan, re-write man. The show closes with a moanin' and groanin' of "Blowin' in the Wind." "I really do just take 'em out of the air," Bob had been saying.

[THE BROADSIDE RECORDINGS AND THE RISE OF BLIND BOY GRUNT]

In the Fall of 1963 (according to best information) Dylan made a number of recordings for Broadside Records—really, for the *Broadside scene*. Sitting in on this session were Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Gordon Friesen, and Sis Cunningham. Three of the cuts recorded have been released on an LP, still available, called *Broadside Ballads No. 1*, Broadside Records BR-301, issued November 1963. The songs include "John Brown" (discussed below in the "live" section), "Only A Hobo," a rather poor song about the death of a tramp (of which a couple of other versions exist), and "Talking Devil," which is a gas. The song predates a verse from the Stones' "Jigsaw Puzzle": "The gangster looks so frightening/With his luger in his hand/ But when he gets home to his children/ He's a family man." Dylan's "Talking Devil" is the brief tale of a night rider, "the devil," and BBG asks, "Wonder if his kids know who he is?" It's the only bit of humor on the whole Broadside LP.

None of the other Broadside recordings have been released, perhaps because Bob chose to keep them in the past. The most surprising of these is "The Cough Song"—none other than "Nashville Skyline Rag" for guitar and harmonica! The harp sketches out the part the band plays on the 1969 recording, and keeps right on until Dylan laughs (Garbo Talks!). "That was the end. Right there before I coughed. It fades out." And then everyone cracks up.

The other recordings don't stand up so well, save for "Walking Down the Lane," a fine road song with a bit of displaced

humor: "I saw the morning light/ I saw the morning light/ I'm an early riser, 'cause I didn't go to sleep last night." Another version was also cut for a publishing demo. "Hey, Hey, I'd Hate to Be You on That Dreadful Day" is a rough blues that might have surfaced as a tough rocker had Dylan held on to it and worked it out; as it is, the cut has a few flashes: "You're gonna walk naked, can't ride in no car/ Everyone's gonna see just what you are." "Playboys and Playgirls" reveals Dylan claiming he won't be sold down the river by the Hugh Hefner crew; "Train-a-Train" is just that; and "Cuban Blockade" is a stiff number about that day "when everyone thought the world would end." As one of *Broadside's* editors said when *Highway 61 Revisited* hit the stores, "I wouldn't mind what he's doing now, if only he'd just write one good song against the war..."

nature of the material. "San Francisco Bay Blues," "Jesus Met the Woman at the Well," "Gypsy Davy," "Jesse James," and "Remember Me" receive this sort of performance—careful, studied, and a bit stiff. And then, in contrast to the rest of the session, Dylan begins to draw on that incredible reserve of spirit and tension that has made him a performing curator of the museum of American music. Slowly picking out the notes to "Pastures of Plenty," to his harp for the first time on the tapes, he captures a sense of age the song perhaps never knew before—a sense of passing. The pastures of plenty are a memory, a desire, a hope—never a reality. The "journey through valleys till the day that I die," the broken witness "on the edge of your cities," is more a search than an affirmation, an attempt to find what has been lost, what perhaps never existed at all.

been made with an on-stage recorder—a semi-formal session, so to speak.

"There Was An Old Man" is a radically different version of that staple of Dylan collectors, "Only A Hobo." It's a dramatic, sensitive portrait of the tramp dead on the curb, the cop poking him into the gutter; not a shouting eulogy, but a story that is part of the city.

"He Was a Friend of Mine" is a beautiful soft song to a friend who "died on the road." It seems to have a sense of the dues one has to pay simply to live: "He never had enough money/ To pay his fine... and he was a friend of mine." The Byrds kept the title and the tune for the song about the Kennedy assassination.

Then comes "Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Disaster Blues," all about an excursion boat that's oversold and sinks from the crush of bodies, baskets, kids, and fried chicken. Dylan used to



With Joan Baez, 1964

[HOWDY, EAST ORANGE]

References to the bustling metropolis of East Orange, New Jersey pop up occasionally in Dylan's career: one "Talkin' New York" from the first album, in the little folk tale about a coffeehouse recorded for the "Minnesota Tapes." Sometime in early 1962, it seems, Dylan recorded a number of Woody Guthrie songs at the home of Sid and Bob Gleason, in, as the gig would have it, East Orange, N.J. Bob never released a Guthrie song commercially, though many of his songs have rung changes on Guthrie themes — most recently, "John Wesley Harding." Strangely, it was Dylan's love for Guthrie, not Bob's own music, that brought him his first national attention. Years ago, *Time* ran a short story about an itinerant folk singer who'd journeyed across country to visit the dying man, a kid hyped as a perfect choice to play Guthrie in a film biography. And *that* is a project still talked about.

Thinking back, it seems odd that given the nature of industry packaging Bob never recorded an album of Guthrie songs. It would have been a natural product for Columbia to suggest, along with the raft of other folksingers with their Guthrie albums and country singers, with their Jimmie Rodgers and Hank Williams records. Simply, Dylan was pushing ahead of the game, making up his own songs, looking for his own music even as he reached for a surer hold on his roots.

Most of the numbers are pretty much straightforward run-throughs, lacking in projection or feeling, adding little to the music, though the takes would no doubt delight Dylan fans simply because of the

It happens again with "On the Trail of the Buffalo." Guthrie set the song in the 1880's, but its power came from the fact that Guthrie *himself* was on that trail, looking for those endless herds that formed their own horizons. The harsh strumming of Dylan's guitar gives the song a deathly, scary tone; you know there was *never* a chance for the animals to last. The beasts were doomed even before they had captured our imagination, and the threat of death hovers over the cowboys of the song, riding the trail the buffalo had cut into the earth. "Outlaws watchin' to pick us off/ From the hills of the buffalo." It's this sense of forgotten history, alive in the soul of a man in the present, that is the source of the power of best American music, music that reaches for America, wherever and whatever it was, always with the sense that if we can uncover what it feels like to live when the country is old.

Dylan's "As I Went Out One Mornin'" and "The Wicked Messenger" and "Tears of Rage," the Band's "Rockin' Chair," "Across the Great Divide," and "King Harvest" are all songs of age, songs of a spiritual, not a factual adolescence. Unlike the "rock and roll revival," these songs and those that Guthrie wrote do not have to be "revived." They endure, and they last, and it is the burden of age that they carry that fixes their agelessness.

[THE GASLIGHT TAPES]

These tapes, recorded in the Gaslight Cafe in Greenwich Village in 1962, are interesting mainly because they comprise the only available recorded versions of three fine songs. The tape seems to have

crack his audiences up with this one back in 1963 and 1964, but the humor's not nearly as sharp as "Talking World War III" or "Talking John Birch."

The tape ends with Dylan and Dave Van Ronk combining for "Car Car," the gay little automobile song Woody Guthrie wrote to sing to his kids, and a short "Pretty Polly" by Rob. All in all, the tape is a nice memory of the days when Fourth Street wasn't "such a drag."

[... UNLIKE MOST OF THE SONGS NOWADAYS BEING WRITTEN UP IN TIN PAN ALLEY... — THE WITMARK DEMOS]

Dylan's first songs were published by Duchess Music (BMI), but by the time of the *Freewheelin'* album Bob had affiliated with M. Witmark & Sons, one of the first music publishers in American history—a founder of Tin Pan Alley and a house of the most eminent prestige. It was virtually unprecedented for a "folksinger" to publish through such an agency, and this stroke of financial and PR genius set Dylan apart from the rest of the Village crowd as much as his songs did. Dylan wrote a large number of songs from 1962 and 1964 that he did not release on his albums, and these were cut as demos for Witmark. Many of these were eventually recorded by other artists, while some eventually reached the general public only through songbooks (*Bob Dylan, The Original*, Warner Bros.-7 Arts Music, and *Bob Dylan, A Collection*, Warner Bros.-7 Arts Music; Warner Bros.-7 Arts purchased M. Witmark some time ago). Some of the tapes discussed below may not in fact be Witmark demos — it's hard to tell—but they fall more readily into *that* category than any other.

—Continued on Page 48



A new wind is blowing her way

1960年1月1日
 1960年1月1日

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Bliss."

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Continued from Page 46

Piano songs. In 1963 or 1964 Dylan recorded a number of songs, accompanying himself on piano, featuring what Al Kooper has called Bob's "beautifully untutored" keyboard work. Others, perhaps with more accuracy, have referred to the "ultimate flowering of the whorehouse piano." Whatever one calls it, the music brings to mind a strange amalgam of Jerry Lee Lewis, Sku James, Mose Allison, Memphis Slim and Nicky Hopkins — a wilder, freer style than on, say, "Dear Landlord" or "Ballad of a Thin Man." The vocals and the composition of a couple of these numbers represent a maturity and a grasp of the finest subtleties of American popular music that is simply not to be found in any of the recordings Dylan had released up to the time. A spare sense of restraint and an effortless timing characterize the singing — a feel, again, of age beyond years.

"I'll Keep It With Mine" is a song written for, of all people, Nico, who was a European groupie when Dylan and Grossman met her on a visit to the Continent. Nico eventually did come to the US, as they had urged, and recorded the song on her first album for Verve, *Chelsea Girl*. A. E. Mac, Denny of the Fairport Convention has also recorded the song, magnificently, for the Fairport Convention's album on A&M. None of these versions, though, give a hint of Dylan's performance. His piano accompaniment is a succession of quarter-note triplets, with the first heavily accented and reinforced by his tapping foot. The lyrics — reminiscent of *Another Side* — tell a train story, the singer softly pleading for a girl to remain. The melody is one of his best up to that point, with a fine understated verse and a gradual build-up in the chorus: "Everybody will help you/ Discover what you set out to find/ But if I/ Can save you any time/ Come one, give it to me/ I'll keep it with mine." The performance is a tour-de-force that really should have been released.

"California" is a little ditty in the vein of "Outlaw Blues," with a line that later found its way into that song: "I got my dark sunglasses/ I got for good luck my black tooth..." Its title comes from the verse, "San Francisco is fine/ It sure gets lotsa sun [just like "warm San Francisco nights"]/ But I'm used to four seasons/ California's got but one." The piano here is much like that on "Black Crow Blues."

"Hummum, says Bob, and hits his rinky-tink piano for Arthur Crudup's "That's Alright Mama," also Elvis' first record. The piano work is the finest example of Dylan's keyboard action extant; for three minutes he performs some finger-breaking pyrotechnics that must be heard to be believed. Near the end, he abruptly changes tempo, riffs, changes tempo again — and then the tape is out. The listener is invariably left breathless.

"Denise, Denise" is a pounding rocker with an infectious rhythm, the singer casting a cold eye at a girl who just won't cop out to being real. Maracas, piano and harp drive the best version of this number until Bob is ready for a line that would have entered our common language had the song ever been released: "I'm looking deep in your eyes, babe/ But all I see is myself."

There are three versions of "Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag" — an incomplete take, a live cut from from an unreleased LP (see "Live Performances") and a full, rocking performance with harp and piano. We find Bob sitting on a stump in New Orleans: "I was feeling kinda low-down, dirty and mean/ When along came a stranger and he didn't even ask/ He said I know 'bouta woman who can fix you up fast." He leads the singer to a door marked "103" and then the fun starts. All sorts of laid-out, wiped-out, freaked-out fellows stumble out the door, moaning, crawling, unable to speak, Bob sees one that "looked like he'd been through a monkey wrench." The kid spits fast: "I musta run a mile in a minute or less." The piano pushes this remarkably fluid number to crazy heights of rhythm, until Bob wheezes: "Man, you're better off/ In your misery/ Than to tackle that woman/ At one-oh...three!"

Dylan also recorded demos of "Paths of Victory," a song of better-times-in-the-future recorded by Hamilton Camp; "Walking Down the Line" (see "Broadside Recordings"); "Percy's Song" (there are three demos of this — see "Live Performances"); "The Ballad of Emmett Till"; "The Walls of Redwing," a song about the Minnesota boys' reform school, recorded by Joan Baez; and "Seven Curses" (see "Live Performances"). One of his last performances for a demo



comes on "Tomorrow Is a Long Time," the song recorded by Elvis for the soundtrack of *Spinout* (RCA LSP 3702). The lyrics ride the same Elizabethan melody Dylan used for "Seven Curses," moving toward Dylan's finest statement of loneliness: "If tomorrow wasn't such a long time/ I'd be in my bed again." The loneliness of the performance impresses one with the depth of feeling Dylan had invested in this song.

Even this take pales next to Dylan's vocal on the traditional Southern ballad "I've Been a Moonshiner," which Dylan called "The Bottle Song." The singing is among the best Bob has ever recorded, as he ornaments and phrases beautifully, demonstrating a control, especially when he soars to the highest notes, that is chilling in its power. It would have been good to have had this song around a few years ago when people complained that Dylan couldn't sing. The guitar and harmonica virtually lead the vocal — the drama of

this performance, which seems so aged that it might be from the edge of the grave, is like nothing Dylan has released to the public. "I'll go to some barroom/ And drink to my fill/ Where the women can't follow/ And see what I spend."

"Hero Blues" is a funny number in the vein of "I Am't Me Babe," though closer in tone to Country Joe's "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine" than to Dylan's own very serious song. She reads too many books/ She got nails inside her head [!]/ She will not be satisfied until I wind up dead." And: "You need a different kinda man, babe/ You need, you need a Napoleon Bona-part." All he wants to do is love her, not kill for her. Too tough to be a hero, at least this time.

"Whatcha Gonna Do" is a gospel-styled member of the "where will you be on Judgment Day?" sort; "Ain't Gonna Grieve" affirms that the singer will not, in fact, grieve. These two numbers and "Farewell" seem to be from 1962; "Fare-

well" is an honest goodbye that moves quite nicely: "So it's fare thee well, my own true love/ We'll meet another day, another time/ It's not the leavin', that's a grievin' me/ But my true love who's bound to stay behind." Bob and Joan Baez used to sing this together, some years ago.

"Sometimes I'm In the Mood" may not be a demo; it's a weak song that may have been recorded around the same time as "Born To Win, Born To Lose" and "Quit Your Lowdown Ways." These three are not fully worked out, and play on very limited sorts of themes, with lyrics that do not go much beyond the song titles themselves.

Finally there's "The Eternal Circle," a sad, funny number about someone waiting for a song to be over — that someone being the singer, who wants to get at a good-looking girl who is watching him perform. The problem, as the lyrics say, is that "the song it was long" and the first thing is to finish it. Of course, when he finishes, she's gone, so what does he do? "I picked up my git-tar and began the next song."

[ON COLUMBIA—MIXED-UP CONFUSION]

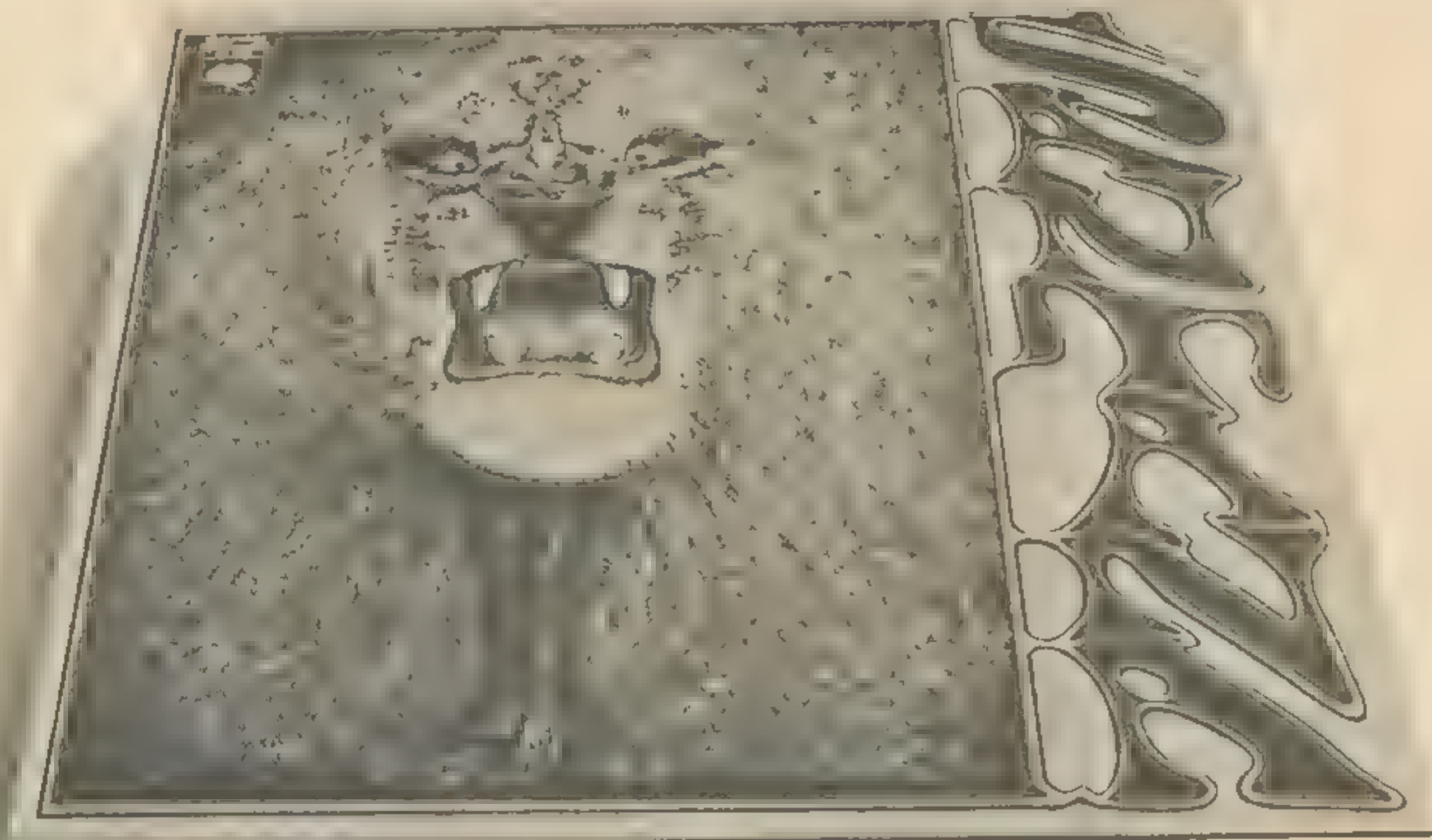
Dylan's career on Columbia has been marked by a number of mistaken releases, changes in album art (the liner photos on *Blonde on Blonde* were re-arranged shortly after the LP's release), mixing and album programming (for a time, the most familiar version of "From a Buick 6" was replaced by an alternate take with different lyrics, and then removed and replaced by the original take). This sort of confusion has only added to the vinyl charisma of Dylan's recordings.

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan Sharp-eyed fans will have noticed that the liner notes to *Freewheelin'* announce the presence of a band (Bruce Langhorne, guitar; George Barnes, bass; Dick Wellstood, piano; Gene Ramey, string bass; and Herb Lovelle, drums) on "Don't Think Twice" and "Corrina, Corrina." While the group is vaguely audible on the latter cut it's obvious that "Don't Think Twice" was recorded as a solo performance. Columbia, however, released a single prior to *Freewheelin'* that did include the band — a different, stronger take of "Corrina" (a fully realized accompaniment, brilliant harmonica, and a vocal close to Chuck Willis) and the dazzling rocker, "Mixed-Up Confusion." "Confusion," an original, is a full-bopping tune with bouncy piano triplets and snappy drumming — "And I'm lookin' for a woman/who's head's mixed up like mine/ And I'm lookin' for some answers/ But I don't know who to ask!" Had this little gem been in circulation from 1963 through 1965 the fans at Newport might have been kinder to Bob when he returned to rock and roll. However, the single didn't exactly bust the charts, and was withdrawn soon after release. It was later issued in Holland in 1966 (CBS 2476) and is still available in the Benelux countries and in Germany. Try writing to Ka De We, Phonograph Department, Berlin, for information.

Following the release of "Confusion," someone at Columbia mixed up the programming for *Freewheelin'* itself. A small number of the LP's included four cuts omitted from the standard version: "Ramblin' Gamblin' Willie" (a delightful tale of a card shark who finally drew that dead man's hand — "He had twenty-seven children/ And never had a wife!"), "Rocks and Gravel" (a railroad gang blues, very southern in tone, backed by the band mentioned above), "Let Me Die in My Footsteps" (an anti-fallout shelter song), and the famous banned-by-Ed Sullivan "Talking John Birch Society Blues" (a very funny routine about paranoia and bed-looking-under: "Looked deep down inside my toilet bowl — they got away!" and the priceless line, "I discovered there was red stripes on the American flag! Oh, Betsy Ross?"). Most of these albums were recalled immediately, but a number remained in sale in California for at least three months after release. The songs deleted pretty much match up to those actually released: "Masters of War" replaced "Let Me Die in My Footsteps" (on an out-take of "Footsteps" Bob stops the song in the middle and asks, "Do you want this one? It's so long... it's not that it's long, but it's such a drag... I've sung it so many times!"); "Girl From the North Country" replaced "Rocks and Gravel"; "Bob Dylan's Dream" replaced "Ramblin' Gamblin' Willie"; and "Talking World War III Blues" replaced "Talking John Birch Society Blues."

Another *Side of Bob Dylan*. There are a number of out-takes from this session, and "East Laredo" seems to be one of them. Produced by Tom Wilson, it's a

—Continued on Page 50



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Continued from Page 48

piano solo, with echoes of Ben E. King's "Spanish Harlem," a pretty number that would have made a good B-side for a single. Also from this session is "Lay Down Your Weary Tune," a song that seems to be a call to the quest for the perfect, unobtainable music. Stately, restrained and majestic, it is as much a break with the past as "My Back Pages," though the metaphors are musical, not political: "Lay down your weary tune/



Lay down the song you strum/ And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings/ No voice can hope to hum."

It's also possible that the versions of "Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag" and "Denise, Denise" that are recorded with piano, maracas, and harp are from this session.

Bringing It All Back Home. Dylan broke loose as a rock and roll singer on this album, with "On the Road Again," "Outlaw Blues," and "115th Dream," but it was "If You Gotta Go, Go Now," a natural, sexy rock and roll song, that had hunted at what was going to happen on *Bringing It All Back Home*. Dylan had been performing this number acoustically for some time, and it never failed to stop the show, as laughter and cheers broke over the singer's grin as he smiled back to the crowd: "It's not that I'm questioning you/ To take part in any kinda quiz/ It's just that I ain't got no watch/ And you keep asking me what time it is." A "Let's Spend the Night Together" with jokes. Supposedly set for American release in 1967, it seems clear that the cut was recorded as part of the sessions for *Bringing It All Back Home*: the piano-styled guitar of Bruce Langhorne is a delight, as are the back-up vocals, which seem quite girlish. It was released as a single in Europe in 1967 (b/w "To Ramona") and is still available in the Benelux markets (CBS 2921). Manfred Mann's excellent version prompted Dylan to announce that they did his material more justice than anyone else. "It's not that I'm asking/ For anything you never gave before/ It's just that I'll be sleeping soon/ And it'll be too dark for you to find the door."

Highway 61 Revisited. Aside from producing one of the two or three finest rock and roll albums ever made, the sessions for *Highway 61 Revisited* also produced their share of rarities. "Killing Me Alive (Barbed Wire Fence)" is the most outstanding — a tough, solid, tremendously exciting blues, with Kooper on organ and Bloomfield in his brash, I-Can-Play-Anything-Better-Than-You groove (and he just about could, too). Kooper chords for the rhythm and Bloomfield solos for fun, Bob shouting out the lyrics that ultimately give it all away: "You're gonna think this song is just a riff/ I know you're thinking this song is just a riff/ Unless you've been inside a tunnel and fell down 69,000 feet over a barbed wire fence." The lyrics also bear out what Dylan has said time and time again to disbelieving audiences: he makes up his songs as he goes along, building around lines and images that he really digs. The alternate version of "From a Buick 6" demonstrates this in-the-studio process, as do these words from "Killing Me Alive": "The Arabian doctor comes in, gives me a shot but he wouldn't tell me what it was that I got"—lines that later appeared, in different form, in "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues." The pattern is repeated in many other unreleased songs.

Also a product of this session was the first version of "Won't You Please Crawl Out Your Window," which featured what sounds like a xylophone and magnificent guitar from Bloomfield. Columbia accidentally released it under the title "Positively Fourth Street" (some gremlin must have mixed the labels), recalled it a week later, and then some months after released a different version of the song that included Robbie Robertson and probably

the rest of the Hawks as a backing band. Virtually nothing is known about the sessions that produced this take. The standard release take of "Crawl Out Your Window" has a weird, circus sound, with odd jangling rhythms something like the Band's "To Kingdom Come." The lyrics seem to echo a follow-up to "Like a Rolling Stone"—come on, honey, get out of there, you can go back if you want to, but look at this cat you're with: "If he needs a third eye he just grows it." The standard version is still available (Columbia 4-43477, CBS EP 6288), while the mellow, seductive "mistake" gets rarer by the day.

[THE BASEMENT TAPE]

"The Basement Tape," recorded before *John Wesley Harding* in Woodstock on a home machine, is the best-known, most accessible and perhaps the most striking of all of Dylan's unreleased material (whether or not this ought to be called "unreleased" is up to the reader—all of it is now available on the *Great White Wonder* and *Troubled Troubadour* (bootleg LPs). *ROLLING STONE* ran a comprehensive review of the session some time ago (June 22, 1968, Vol. II, No. 2), and since then most of the songs have been covered by various performers. One of the compositions, "I Shall Be Released," has been covered by almost everyone, from Joan Baez to the Box-Tops. Dylan's magnificent performance has not been touched; his vocal may well be the best he has ever recorded.

The sessions, which included the Band as a backing group, musically and on vocals, set down basic performances of songs Dylan was not intending to release himself but which were to be included in the Dwarf Music catalogue. Copies of the tape in the form of acetate discs were sent to Manfred Mann, the Byrds, and the Rolling Stones, among others. Unlike the songs on *John Wesley Harding*, almost none of which have formal choruses, the songs from this session use the device of a chorus with a great deal of imagination; with so much imagination, in fact that the choruses often do not have a logical relationship to the verses. The relationship is often one of mood, or, simply, of dramatic impact. Richard Manuel is extremely effective on some of the choruses, especially on "I Shall Be Released."

The Basement Tape is anything but unique; it's rather a semi-public version of what goes on at Dylan's house and at Big Pink any day of the week. "There're lots more," said one member of the Band. "They're just for fun." For after all, making music, writing songs, changing the old

music and inventing the new music is simply what Dylan and the Band do; it's their life, their vocation.

A rather rare version of the Basement Tape gives one some idea of what this invention is like. Aside from the well-known fourteen songs, this copy also includes two particularly worked-out versions of "Tears of Rage," two of "Open the Door Richard," one other of "Quinn the Eskimo," and a hilarious version of "Nothing Was Delivered." As Dylan and the Band move from setting up to fooling around to the finished product, the songs are changed. "No," someone says after giving up on "Tears of Rage," "it's got to be in rock tempo." And the lyrics are altered to fit the beat, the phrasing changes. Robbie Robertson chooses a new riff, Manuel and Danko try out the high notes they muffed the first time around. Sometimes, as on the rejected "Nothing Was Delivered," something special happens. On this take, the tempo is speeded up, making the song less like the dirge of the final take and more like the theme song of a fun-loving gang leaning hard on a burn artist. Dylan steps out with an extravagant Elvis Presley riff: "You must provide some kind of answer—you must—you must do that!—you must provide those answers!" Dylan's Fats Domino piano work makes the cut a hilarious delight. The lyrics are not the same as on the better-known version; they change from take to take, as they do on the alternate versions of "Quinn the Eskimo," "Tears of Rage," and "Open the Door Richard."

The fact that these songs were not released by Dylan is indicative of a couple of things. First of all, this was music worked out — and in some cases written — with the Band; it was music, most likely, that would have been commercially recorded with them and not with the Nashville musicians of *Blonde on Blonde* or *John Wesley Harding*. Why Bob chose not to record with the Band is pretty obvious; it was time for them to try and make it on their own, to see if they could cut it without help. Secondly, this material was clearly not what Bob wanted to present to his audience when he returned to public life — something "older," something with more restraint and with superficially more clarity was what he had in mind. Like any artist, Dylan chooses what to reveal and what to keep for his own. That such a choice has, in this case, been taken out of his hands is something about which most must feel ambivalent. Garth Hudson's magnificent organ pushing Dylan's unmatched vocal on "This Wheel's On Fire," the kicks of "Tiny Montgomery" (a Southern dragster champ, word has it), or the still water of "I Shall Be Released" are moments that few would trade for anything. The Basement Tape is the album that almost never was.

[LIVE PERFORMANCES — "I EXPOSE MYSELF EVERY TIME I GO OUT ON THE STAGE"]

Dylan's first live recordings appeared in 1963, on Vanguard and Broadside Records — and while Columbia and Leacock-Pennabaker have recorded reels and reels of live material, only one cut of it has even been released. There are, of course, the movie "soundtracks," which some have taped: *Don't Look Back*, with its brilliant, shining hotel-room "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue"; *Festival*, showcasing Dylan's first electric performance with pieces of Paul Butterfield's band ("Maggie's Farm" was included in the film — "Tombstone Blues" and "Like a Rolling Stone" remain in the can); the film shot and the sound recorded for the movie to be made of the Guthrie Memorial Program, at which Dylan and the Band recorded "Mrs. Roosevelt," "Grand Colosse," and "Ain't Got No Home"; and the completed and unreleased film of Dylan's 1966 tour of Europe with the Hawks. The tapes made by Dylan's appearance at the Isle of Wight have been killed.

Dylan's earliest live recordings are of mostly academic interest. They include two LPs made from the Newport Folk Festival, 1963: *Evening Concerts at Newport*, Vol. I, 1963, Vanguard VSD 79143 (Dylan sings "Blowin' in the Wind") and *Newport Broadside* (Topical Songs), Vanguard VSD 79144 (Dylan sings "Playboys and Playgirls" with Pete Seeger, "Blowin' in the Wind" again with the whole gang). Dylan also appeared at the 1963 March On Washington, singing "A Pawn in Their Game," which was preserved on the Broadside LP that commemorated the event: *We Shall Overcome*, BR-592.

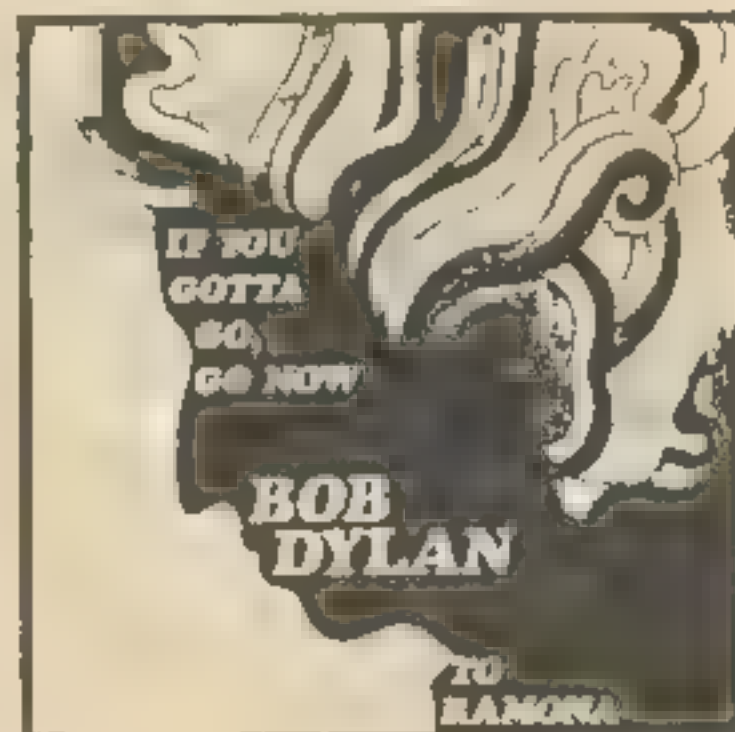
Then in 1964 Columbia recorded Bob's first solo concert at Carnegie Hall. They

wanted a live album, and apparently so did Bob, but disagreements over what songs were to be included doomed the project. The LP did reach the acetate stage, however (Job No. 77110), and the list of cuts seems to indicate that Columbia was trying to capitalize on Dylan's new fame as "the conscience of the nation's youth," while Dylan may, by this time, have become disillusioned with singing songs "written for other people." The album itself is not all that impressive, mostly due to the poor programming, for much of Dylan's weaker material was included: "When the Ship Comes In," "John Brown" (a bitter war story about a kid with a patriotic mother who doesn't recognize her boy when he returns home from the battlefield, mutilated and shattered; a theme taken from many resentful Irish songs about English conscription), and the anti-boxing pure-protest grind-it-out guilt-cruncher, "Who Killed Davey Moore?"

The LP opens with what Columbia calls "Poem to Woody." "Woodie Guthrie is really something more than a folksinger," Dylan says, introducing his poem. "And this is called 'Last Thoughts On Woody Guthrie.'" That chilling title leads into a long, stream of consciousness reading, very simply the story of a boy looking for himself, down the road, on the street, in the fields. Somehow, Bob is saying, Guthrie was a companion on that road, in the "trash can alleys."

Then Dylan moves into a compelling "Lay Down Your Weary Tune," and then lets loose with a rare song, "Dusty Old Fairgrounds," a charming number about carnivals and arcades, perhaps a memory of the annual Minnesota State Fair, always an important day for a town like Hibbing. After the three cuts mentioned in the paragraph above comes "Percy's Song." A friend has been involved in a fatal accident, sentenced to 99 years in Joliet Prison, and the singer meets with the judge to plead for a lesser sentence. The judge, inevitably, orders the young man from his chambers, and there is nothing to be done. "I played my guitar through the night and the day/ But all it could play was the cold, the cruel, rain and the wind." It is a musician's song of stolen friendship. The Fairport Convention performs the composition on their new A&M LP, *Unhalfbricking*.

Then comes "Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag," and the LP closes with "Seven Curses," a brilliant song in the old English manner, with an appropriately dramatic melody. In mood, the number is not all that different from Joan Baez' magnificent "Matty Groves" from her *In Concert* LP. Dylan sings of a horse thief who can escape death if he allows the judge a night with his daughter. He refuses, but the girl insists. The deal is made and the deed is done — and the hanging takes place. The daughter hurls seven curses on the judge: "... that five walls cannot hide him; that six diggers cannot bury him; and that seven deaths will never kill him." Dylan's timing in the delivery of these verses is extraordinary, and the song provides a chilling, desperate close to the album.



Later that same year Columbia recorded Dylan's Halloween concert in New York City — 17 songs, four with Joan Baez. The performances are not all that different from the studio recordings on the same tunes, with the exception of the show-stopping "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" and the performance of the unreleased "Mama/Daddy You Been On My Mind," with Joan. The concert is refreshing; it reminds one that Dylan was able to take his songs far less seriously than much of his audience. "This is a sacrilegious lullaby in G-minor," he says, introducing "The Gates of Eden." And later, that classic line: "Well, hope you're all having a good time... it's Halloween, and uh, I've got my Bob Dylan mask on."

—Continued on Page 52

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be personal,
but have you got
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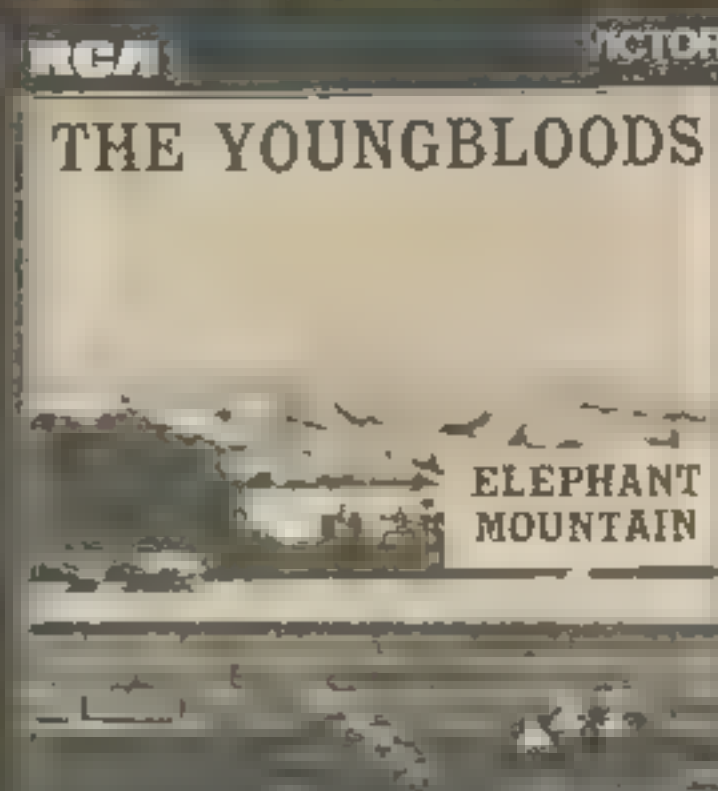
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to The Youngbloods.
Now if the world could just catch up to itself.



RCA



With the Hawks, 1965

JIM MARSHALL

Continued from Page 50

Fade to 1966. "Like A Rolling Stone" has hit the top of the charts, and Columbia is pressing for another hit. "Positively Fourth Street" is successful, "Crawl Out" flops, "One of Us Must Know," though one of Dylan's best records, flops, and finally they score with "Rainy Day Women No. 12 & 35." And then, just before the release of *Blonde on Blonde*, comes the pretty, bouncy "I Want You." Those who bought it got a surprise; on the flip of Columbia 4-43683 was "Just Like Tom Thumb," 1966: five minutes and thirty-six seconds of tearing, devastating hard rock. Where was the rest of the concert, the rest of that long tour of Europe? Tapes of a performance in Dublin have leaked out, the acoustic part of the show only—"Desolation Row," "Visions of Johanna," "Just Like A Woman," and others, with blazing harp work; but of Bob Dylan and the Hawks, only their numbers are available outside of Columbia's vaults, Pennebaker's files, and Dylan's own collection.

[WHEN THE CIRCUS WAS IN TOWN]

Bob Dylan and the Hawks. They were, without exception or qualifications, the finest rock and roll band I have ever seen or heard. If you weren't there it will be difficult to convey the visual power of their performances. There were Bob and Robbie Robertson, like twins on the stage, charging each other for the solos, their fingers only inches apart; Rick Danko, puffing out his cheeks and bending his body deep, dancing through the cables and wires; Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel, each off to one side of the stage, sitting back and making sounds one might have thought came from the guitarists, simply because one could not take his eyes off them; and Mickey Johns or Bobby Greg, sitting high above it all, holding it together, never missing.

The sound they produced was stately, extravagant, and visionary—there is nothing with which to compare it in all of Dylan's recordings. At the bottom of that sound was a rough, jerking marriage of blues and honky tonk, but over that were grafted the sorts of echoes that come from the music box of a circus merry-go-round: the fire and ice of Garth Hudson's organ and the young, brash clinches of Robbie Robertson's guitar. And it was loud, louder than anyone played in those days, but so musical and so melodic that the band could dance free and their audiences easily went with them.

There was an urgency to those performances, an urgency that is captured in the three recordings that have filtered out of New York City. It's certainly



there on "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," the single that is at least available in Europe (CBS 2258b). Dylan's voice is tired, raspy, but even at the end of an endless tour he wouldn't quit. The music and the phrasing are nothing like the version on *Highway 61 Revisited*, and the real stars are Hudson and Robertson, Garth soloing weirdly in between the lines, Robbie punching notes in and out of Bob's shouts and screams until there is no separation between the singer and the musicians: "And picking up ayyin-gel/Who just arrrrrryyved here/BAM/From the cohhhhhhst/Who looked so funny at firstbutleftlooking/Just like a ghobhhhhhst! Yeah." And then Robertson and Hudson are into the break, so fast they literally have to slow down the tempo in order to catch the last verse. It's a stunning performance.

Probably recorded the same night was "One Too Many Mornings," which has surfaced on a tape of professional quality. It is almost pure honky-tonk in its structure, with Dylan rushing the verses,

stretching out his vowels more than he ever did on record. Danko and Manuel join him on the choruses, lending a high, moaning dimension to the song that it hasn't known before or since. "Just one too many mornings/And a thousand/myyles/BA-DA-DA-DUMP-DA-DUMP/BE HIND." There is virtually no resemblance between this performance and the soft, sorrowful ballad of years before. Dylan sings it almost as if it was a memory that belonged to someone else.

And then, finally and ultimately, there is "Like A Rolling Stone"—Dylan's greatest song, and on this tape, in my opinion, his greatest recording. The performance lasts a full nine minutes.

The Hawks—and especially Robbie Robertson—brought out something in Dylan that allowed him to project, and to reach his audiences, in a way that he had never done before. "If I told you what our music was really about we'd probably all get arrested," he said to an interviewer in 1965. More than just sound, the Hawks gave Dylan the dra-

matic back-drop he needed to step all the way and sing. He did it, then, night after night, all over the world. It was glorious—Dylan was a triumphant rock and roll star in a manner that will not be repeated. The parallel, visually, and in its musical excitement, was Elvis Presley. The Hawks made it possible—because Dylan could be sure it was all there without looking over his shoulder.

"Like A Rolling Stone" would be the last encore. The three guitarists would turn their backs on the audience and face the drummer; he'd raise his stick above his head and bring it down with the crash of a cannon shot. Bob would leap into the air and the three of them would hit the first note just as he hit the ground; instantly, they'd have it all. On the live tape the song is slowed down greatly from the recorded version, giving Bob more space in which to sing, more room for those long, stretched-out phrases and the shouts that end each line. It opens with that gunshot and rises immediately with a riot of sounds and colors, with Garth Hudson playing as if he's standing on one key of his organ, shooting out a scream that is constant throughout the nine minutes. The key to the performance is Robbie Robertson—he hits the toughest, hardest note imaginable at the beginning of every other phrase, signaling the changes and setting up Dylan for every image that's shouted into the microphone. The song moves up and down with Robertson's rhythm, fading and returning: "They used to be/Briinnnnng!/Sohhh amused/Baaaaah/With Napoleon in rags/Briinnnnng!" Robertson cuts each line in half and doubles its impact, like the "mathematical guitar genius" Dylan said he was.

But in the end the performance belongs to Bob. Burning his lines with a power he had only suggested on record, he pulls his way to the climax: "You better take your diamond ring down and/PAWN IT/BABE!!!" Dylan crashes it down and then fades while Robbie solos for a verse, letting it out until the band is ready to end it. Printed below is the end of that, of the song, the concert, and the high point of Bob Dylan's career, the way he sang it that night in Liverpool.

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Tim Hardin on

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JOHN MAYALL



*Looking Back
Bare Wires
The Blues Alone
Crusade
A Hard Road
Bluesbreakers
Blues From Laurel Canyon*

Paul's Death

—Continued from Page Ten

The rumor was further fueled by news from Miami that a professor had applied scientific voice detector tests to come up with three separate and distinct voices attributed to Paul McCartney. Dr. Henry Truby, of the University of Miami's language laboratory, ran 20 hours of experiments on Beatles LPs to get voice "prints" (something like fingerprints of vocal waves) on all the Beatles.

John and George and Ringo each had one consistent voice print. But not Paul. Truby told reporters: "These passages were taken from Beatles recordings dated from before and after November 1966 and have been advertised as having been sung by Paul McCartney. I cannot conclude that the same voice appears in these early and late passages."

Contacted by telephone, Dr. Truby admitted that his technique—which involves analyzing everything on the recordings, musical instruments, too, rather than isolating a single voice—is far from the ideal way of approaching his subject. But he contends, regardless, that he came up with no less than three voices for Paul. "I'm not prepared to say this is the final word," says Truby, "but it's a beginning."

As clues continued to proliferate (including a raft of phone numbers that are supposed to yield either additional clues or a trip to a Magical Beale Mystery Island: 231-7438, 834-7135, 536-0195, 510-6643, 546-3663, 624-7125, no telling what city, maybe London), Paul continued to insist that he was alive—and pissed at the rumor that he wasn't.

"It's all a drag," said McCartney, adding, plaintively, that "we can't control what people read into our music."

Too true. One of the cities rocked hardest by the news was, for whatever reason, New Orleans. This may be accounted for partly by station WITX's imaginative coverage of the story. The station was among the first to mount a full-length documentary on the "facts" of the case. As an added fillip, WITX commissioned a song to serve as theme for their treatment.

"Brother Paul" is the name of that song, the artist is somebody going by the name of Billy Shears, and—sure enough—it proved to be such a hit with WITX's listeners, who called by the hundreds to request it, that it's being rushed into release as a Silver Fox single.

Well in advance of its issue, some 40,000 advance orders were reported in the New Orleans environs alone.

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TWO HIP songwriters have orig. material. Call Kevin—644-2733 or Ken—672-4710, NY.

NEED LEAD singer for rock-blues group. Male or female. Must dig Zeppelin/Beck sound, have good equipment. Call Al—HI-6-3620, Bklyn.

WANTED: DRUMMER for group with orig. material. Country approach a la Band, Byrds. Poss. recording contract. Jobs. Call David—663-0943, NY.

LOOKING FOR bassist & organist to start group. Butterfield & Savoy Brown, 17 or older. "A" Boyko—763-0994, 225 Laurel, Maplewood, NJ.

FEMALE SINGER, 20's, wants to get jazz-rock group together. Dig everything from R&B to R&B to ISB to LMcCH&S. Seyna—724-4531, 490 WEA, NY.

DRUMMER looking for good hard rock group. I have good equipment and time. Jeff—KI 7-2320, Bronx.

FEMALE VOCALIST/songwriter, dependable, ideas. Wants all hell to break loose with the right group. Call Lorraine—778-0807, after 11 p.m. Wallington, NJ.

ALL GIRL rock group seeks dynamic lead singer. Over 21, able to travel, must play instr., elect. piano or organ pref. Exp'd & serious girls only. AL—4-0660, NY.

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GUITARIST, lead, rhythm, & some bass wishes to join or form group. Some exp. Very serious & starving. Bob McMaster—647-4557, SF.

LOOKING FOR good folk-rock, classical guitarist over 21 to play beautiful music & make bread. Jim—222-5765, SF.

ORGANIST AVAILABLE. Exp'd in blues, rock, R&B, & orig. Need any gig. Alan—761-6805, SF.

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PLAYER OF blues on harmonica seeks band or indiv. playing blues. Likes mellow, together, tech. coherent music. Call Eric—387-2321 or Keith Parks—1550 Page St., SF.

WANTED: USED conga drum parts for 5" dia. drum. Head, hoop, & other bdwe. Ted—621-4359, SF.

PROP. MUSICIAN needs studio & live gigs. A drummer that likes blues, jazz, rock, soul & orig. matter. Ready to cook. Reggie—621-6917, SF.

PROP. LEAD guitarist needed for full-time, serious group. Must be into many bags. Larry or Wally—845-9454, Berkeley.

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FEMALE VOCALIST needs back-up man or group. Dig Crosby, Stills & Nash and Youngbloods. Good contacts. Dixie—874-4895, LA.

COMPOSER / GUITARIST/flutist/pianist seeks band together for music's sake. Exc. chance at recording contract & concerts. 20 or older. Dig Moodys, Jethro Tull. Send tapes, etc. to Bob Barnett—672-3702, 921 N. Inglewood No. 5, Inglewood.

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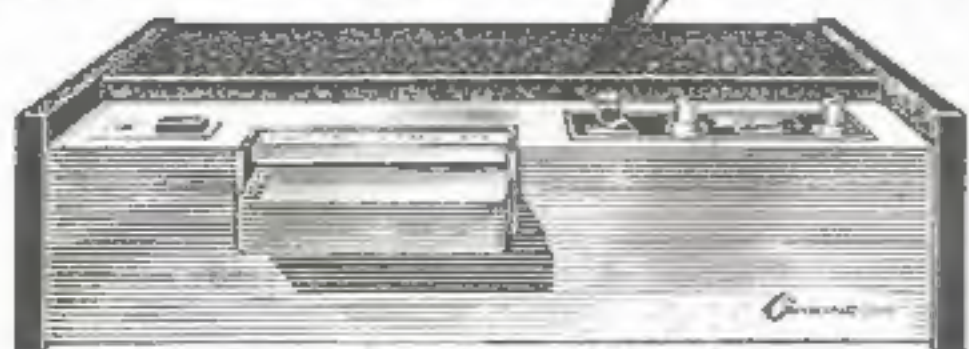
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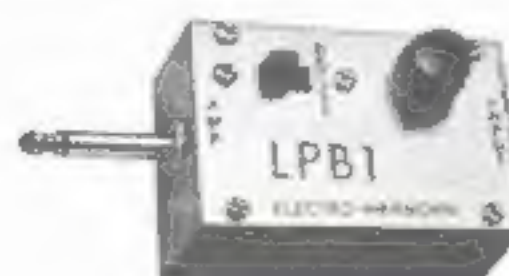
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You don't
have to
stop
living
when you
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"I've been working for 55 years and I've never been late." This ethic epitomizes the attitude of a working generation.

Joe Byrd and the Field Hippies, in their album called "The American Metaphysical Circus," create a lyrical confrontation to that ethic.

It is already getting airplay on underground stations. And the reaction has been beautiful. Responses like "...an album that I am totally flipped-out over ... and everyone seems to be as knocked-out over the album as I am," to "very good rock" to "out of sight."

Musically, it's a cosmic blend of experimental and rock electronics. And you don't have to work too hard to get into that.

On Columbia Records

THE AMERICAN METAPHYSICAL CIRCUS

JOE BYRD AND THE FIELD HIPPIES
The Sub-Sylvan Litanies / American Bedmusic I
Gospel Music For A.R. Byrd III
The Southwestern Geriatrics
Arts And Crafts Festival





**Now they're sittin' out front.
Once they played behind everybody's back.
Ten musicians from Nashville called Area Code 615.*
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